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The Spectator

No. 5,346.] WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1930. [PRICE 6D.

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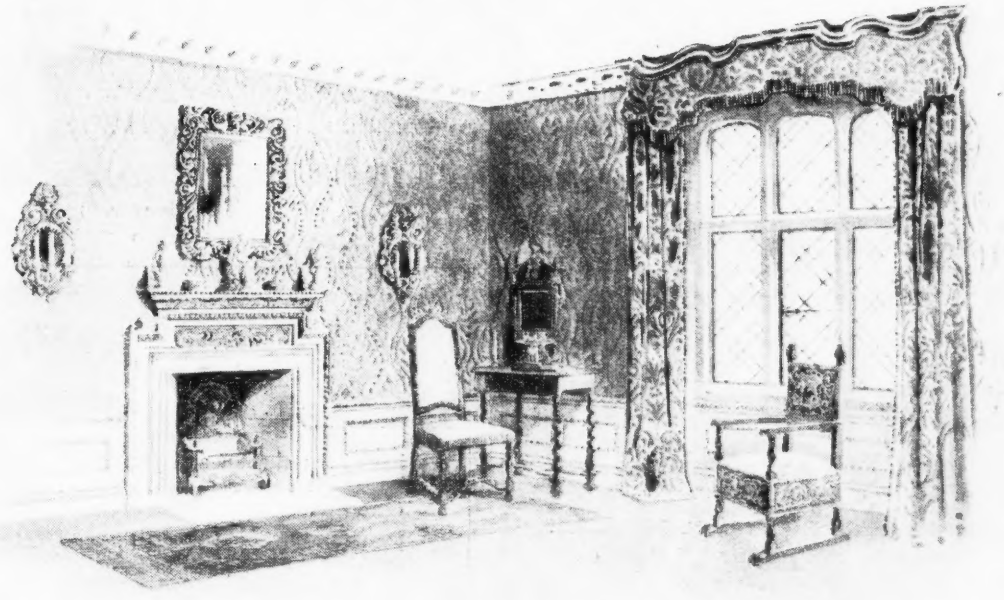

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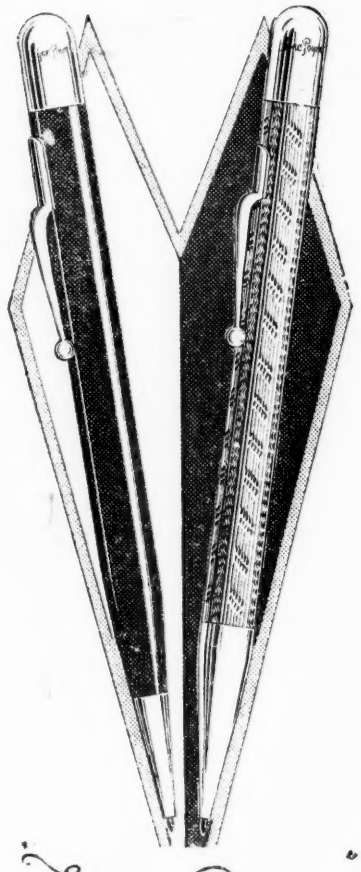

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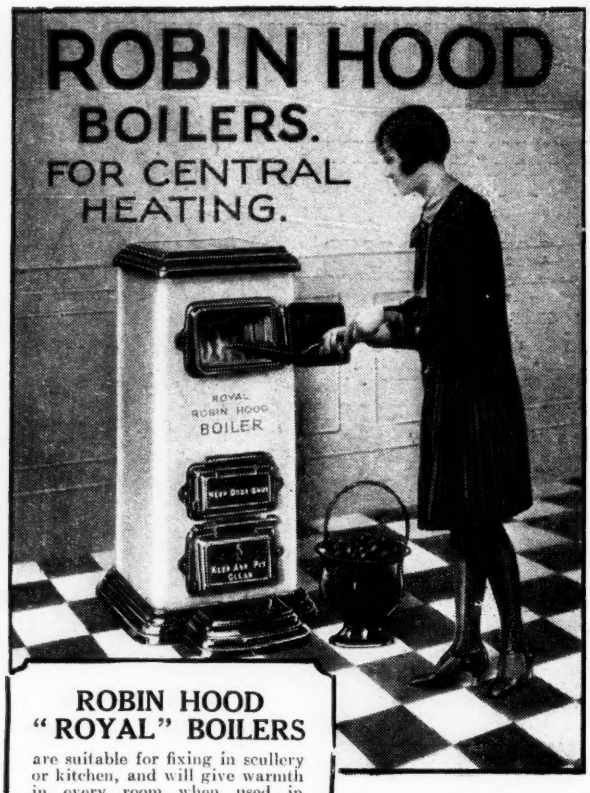

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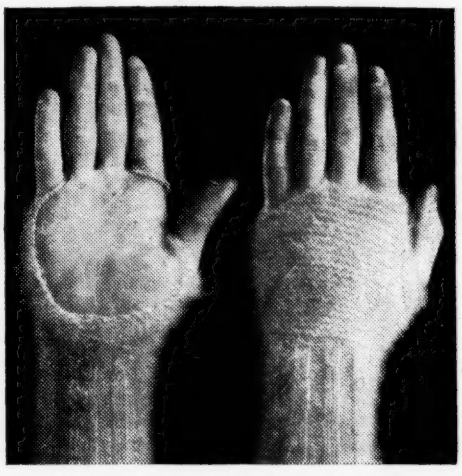

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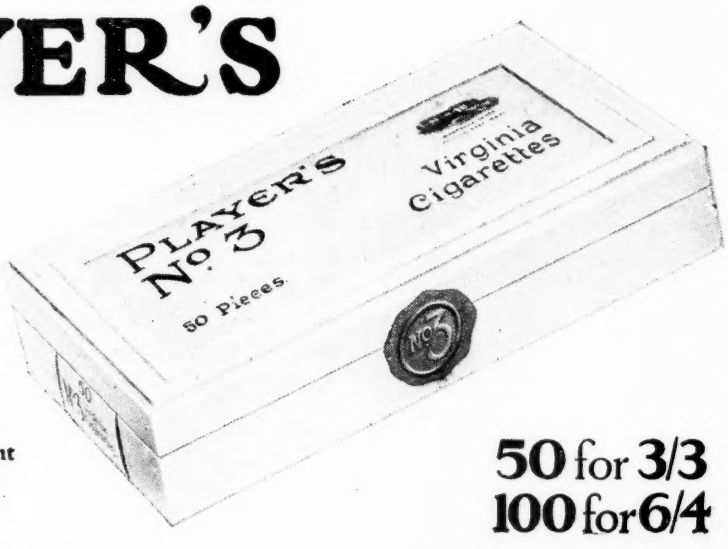

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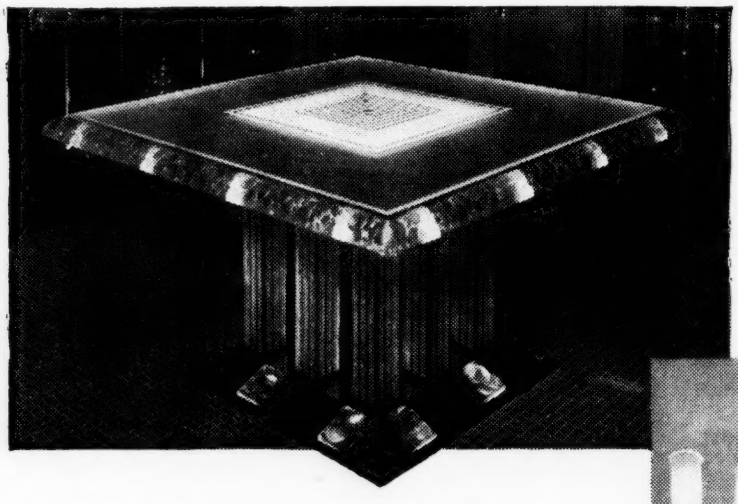

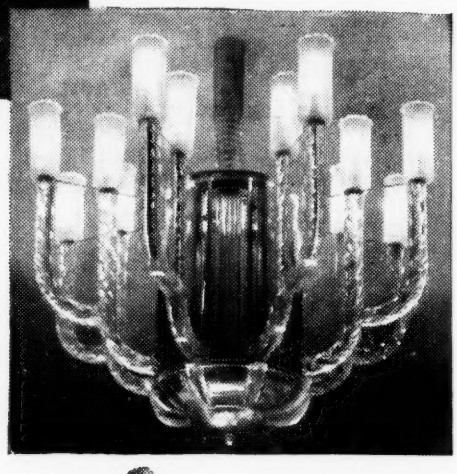

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The Spectator

No. 5,346.] WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1930. [923]

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

TOPICS:	PAGE
Another Short Cut	926
Butchery and the Law (Sir W. Beach Thomas)	927
The Challenge to Religious Orthodoxy: Is an Organized Church Necessary to Religion? (C. E. M. Joad)	928
The Mosley Manifesto: Why We Have Issued It (John Strachey, M.P.)	929
The Week in Parliament	930
Democracy Listens-In (Leonard Woolf)	931
Dull Sermons (Rev. P. B. Clayton)	932
Old Maids and New Books	933
Demeter's Children (W. M. Letts)	934
GRAMOPHONE NOTES (John Langdon-Davies)	935
THE ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE: Problems and Prophecies (Edward Thompson)	936
COUNTRY LIFE (Sir W. Beach Thomas)	937
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
Great Britain and India (Mr. H. B. Holme)	938
Forced Labour and Slavery (Mr. John H. Harris)	938
Performing Animals—A Reply to Lord Lonsdale (Capt. E. G. Fairholme)	939
Electoral Reform (Sir N. Grattan Doyle)	940
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO	943
POETRY: Late Afternoon (L. A. G. Strong)	943
BOOKS:	
Kangchenjunga (Sir Francis Younghusband)	944
The "Little Doctor"	944
Mr. Shaw on Democracy (Richard Jennings)	945
Roosevelt	946
FICTION	952
CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS	954
A LIBRARY LIST	956
PERSIAN PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE (Basil Gray)	956
INTERIOR DECORATION (J. T. Avison)	958
MOTORING NOTES: The Eight Litre Bentley (Pelham Cochrane)	960
FINANCE: The Sanctity of Contracts (Arthur W. Kiddy)	960

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[*Signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the* SPECTATOR.]

News of the Week

Disarmament

ON Tuesday the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference completed its Convention. Nearly five years have been spent upon this draft, which will be laid before the Disarmament Conference next year. M. Politis, the Greek delegate, eulogized the work of Lord Cecil, "the sanctity of whose cause had made him almost a prophet." All the other speakers joined in this warm tribute, which has been handsomely earned by Lord Cecil's industry and patience as well as by his personal qualities. Nevertheless, we find it impossible to regard the Convention as a satisfactory starting point for the Conference. It is true that agreement has been reached. But agreement upon what? Conscript armies have been left alone, though the period of service is to be reduced. Budgetary limitation of war materials takes the place of direct limitation, although it is well known that in some non-democratic countries there is no public control of the Budgets, and although Germany, if not strictly, at all events in a substantial sense, has been subjected ever since the War to that direct limitation which is now said to be impossible.

* * * *

Lord Cecil has convinced himself that such an agreement as is embodied in the Convention is better than none, because without agreement there could be no basis for the Disarmament Conference. We doubt the validity of this reasoning. We should have preferred to say that an ensured bad start for the Conference may lead to disaster. We would have relied upon public opinion, when a postponement of the Conference had been accepted as inevitable, taking fright at the present alarming drift back to a rearrangement of Europe into military *blocs*. There is, indeed, a most serious danger that if Germany feels that she is being cheated of the pledge in the Peace Treaty that the Allies will disarm she will insist on rearming herself. She may snatch at the opportunity of joining with others who share her mistrust of France—with Italy and Russia.

* * * *

We should like nothing better than to be proved entirely wrong. We cannot, however, ignore the misgivings of the United States and the open displeasure of Germany. Mr. Hugh Gibson, the United States delegate, declared on Tuesday that the Convention "fell far short of American hopes and expectations." Much had been said about the force of public opinion, but in his opinion it was not enough that public opinion should be simply "aroused." An aroused but uninformed public opinion might do more harm than good. That seems to be very good sense. The people who are drifting blindly should have been warned by all peace-loving Governments about the abyss in front of them. Count Bernstorff is said to have been an obstructionist throughout the discussions, but it must be remembered that Germany has been provoked by the apparent absence of a will to disarm. On Tuesday he gloomily reminded his audience that the Conference would provide the last opportunity for a practical scheme of disarmament.

* * * *

India and the Conference

The week has been marked by steady progress in the Sub-committees of the Round Table Conference. The news from India, however, is very painful by contrast. On Monday, Colonel N. S. Simpson, Inspector-General of Prisons in Bengal, was murdered at Government headquarters by three Bengali raiders. The men attempted other outrages, and finally turned their revolvers upon themselves. Colonel Simpson was the best type of British Civil Servant; he had been an enthusiastic prison reformer, having studied the gaol system in other countries. On Tuesday at Lahore a British officer was shot on parade by a Sepoy, who then committed suicide. The Government of India *communiqué* continues to record clashes between the police and the mob, and communal disturbances in Bombay. Mr. V. J. Patel has been re-arrested.

* * * *

The lesson of this should be obvious. The police in

India are subjected to a terrific strain, and the mere fact that there have been only eight fatal assaults in the last two years in spite of extremist propaganda speaks extremely well for their restraint as well as for the natural Indian disinclination for violence. The propaganda, however, must have increasingly bad effects, and unless the Conference can produce a final settlement in embryo the Indian element in the police must soon break under the intolerable strain. The need for grasping the supreme opportunity now offered is a matter of elementary common sense. Yet some people are still talking as though "the strong hand" were a possible solution of the Indian problem.

* * * *

The minorities question throws its shadow upon every discussion at the Conference. In spite of strong disapproval in India, Hindu and Moslem representatives are making a gallant effort to establish the principle of joint electorates. It is said that the Hindus are prepared to accept all the safeguards proposed in Mr. Jinnah's famous Fourteen Points, if only the principle can be secured. Where there is a third racial element—such as the Europeans in Bengal and the Sikhs in the Punjab—the problem is still more complicated, and it is on the "weightage" arrangement in these Provinces that the negotiations may fail. In the matter of Provincial autonomy and the fundamental question of the form of the Federation the goodwill of the Indian delegates has no doubt surprised some of their British colleagues. Dyarchy is to go, and the essential transfer of law and order to the Provincial Governments (probably bi-cameral) proposed by the Simon Commission is confirmed. There seems to be no difficulty about the necessary safeguards being placed in the hands of a Governor in the background. An Englishman in this position, preferably not a Civil Servant, would apparently be welcome.

* * * *

The representatives of the Indian States, anxious as they are on principle to preserve the name of internal independence, and thus to enter the Federation individually by separate conventions, will not make a deal with a British India still under "alien" rule. This common aspiration for a homogeneous India is so strong that it has carried the day in favour of a bi-cameral unitary system of Federation. The States would have representatives in both Chambers, and defence, external relations, relations with Indian States and so forth would finally become Federal subjects. Even in the transitional period, when these matters would be the responsibility of the Viceroy, the Federal Legislature might have some say in them.

* * * *

The French Government

On Thursday, December 4th, M. Tardieu's Government was defeated in the Senate on a motion expressing disappointment with both foreign and financial policy. In the background were general dissatisfaction at the alleged political connexions with the Oustric crash, and reports of other doubtful finance. M. Tardieu resigned. When it became known that M. Poincaré, on grounds of health, did not "choose to stand," the Prime Ministership was offered to M. Louis Barthou, and it was thought that a Cabinet of "Republican concentration" could be formed. He found the task beyond him. The proposed inclusion of the Marin group was enough to frighten away the Radical Socialists. M. Pierre Laval, a close friend of M. Briand, who is hardly identified with any party, has also tried to form a Cabinet, but he too has failed. Prolonged uncertainty may be expected. We may conceivably yet see M. Poincaré providing the necessary cement for a platform of narrow patriotism, even though he does not really wish to become Prime Minister.

* * * *

Unemployment Insurance

On Tuesday, in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister announced the names of those who are to serve on the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance under the Chairmanship of Judge Holman Gregory. They are Councillor W. Asbury (Chairman of the Sheffield Public Assistance Committee), Professor Henry Clay (Professor of Political Economy in Manchester University and the author of several famous books), Dr. H. J. W. Hetherington (Vice-Chancellor of Liverpool University, who, as Chairman of Trade Boards, has had much experience of industrial conditions), Mr. E. C. P. Lascelles (Deputy Umpire under the Unemployment Insurance Acts), Mrs. C. D. Rackham (a member of Cambridgeshire County Council and temporary Inspector of Factories), and Mr. H. M. Trouncer (President of the Institute of Actuaries). Although the need for a Royal Commission was not, to our thinking, proved, it must be admitted that the Commission has an impressive amount of expert knowledge at its disposal. Mr. Maxton complained bitterly that it included no representative of the Trade Unions, but we imagine that the public will be well satisfied with the personnel.

* * * *

It is to be hoped that an Interim Report, which may be the most important of a sequence of Reports and which must indicate the character of its successors, will be issued very quickly. If only Unemployment Insurance can be removed from the influence of electoral bargaining the gain will be enormous. There is no saying how many good results might not follow upon this example. A "National Government," representing all Parties, seems to be impracticable, because the greatest common measure of agreement would not be nearly great enough. The Liberals, and most of the Labour Party, would not agree to tariffs, and the Unionists would not agree to any solution of the economic problem which omitted tariffs. There are, however, several notorious subjects which together account for a large proportion of the excessive public expenditure, and which could be bodily removed from Party competition. Unemployment Insurance is the chief of them. With these subjects removed there could easily be a national spirit in the administration of funds which have caused widespread demoralization among politicians.

* * * *

A Coal Strike Prevented

On Thursday, December 4th, the extension of the Scottish coal strike was averted by the decision of the Delegates' Conference of the Miners' Federation to refer the spreadover of hours back to the districts for reconsideration. It will be noted that though the Conference in effect revoked its former reckless and foolish decision it did not in terms accept the spreadover principle. Mercifully that did not matter. The outcome was that the miners were no longer prohibited from consenting to the spreadover as a substitute for a reduction of wages. The present illogical situation is technically a violation of the new Act. As the Prime Minister himself, however, earnestly advised the delegates voluntarily to postpone the hours clause for three months it may be imagined that the Law will wink at the violation. There was no other way out of the maze, and it is an ironical fact that this convenient exit had been provided by the House of Lords, which insisted upon introducing the permissive spreadover arrangement into the Bill in the face of abuse from the Government.

The spreadover, which provides temporarily for an eight-hour day for eleven days in a fortnight (almost the same thing as a seven-and-a-half-hour day in the ordinary reckoning) may well remain in use for longer than the contemplated three months in all the districts which have hitherto worked an eight-hour day. It will remain, of course, till the marketing schemes come into being, and probably till the seven-hour day becomes due in June. At the Conference on December 4th the officials of the Miners' Federation advocated the only possible course with considerable courage, though they were greatly helped by the Prime Minister's strong recommendation. On Monday the Scottish miners returned to work on the spreadover terms with no reduction of wages. If the results are satisfactory to both sides in most of the districts there may be an amending Act. Mr. Shinwell has sensibly proposed a national conference to discuss the situation. It is most desirable to make good use of the breathing space which has been afforded more by good luck than by good management.

* * * *

The Government, the Liberals and Electoral Reform

The Prime Minister has promised the early introduction of an Electoral Reform Bill, but nobody outside the Government yet knows what will be in it. Meanwhile the promise has scarcely eased the relations of the Liberals and the Labour Party. The issue in the Liberal Party is still between Mr. Lloyd George's evident desire to let the Government survive in the hope that something will turn up and that the strength of Liberalism will grow, and Sir John Simon's high moral precept that principles are more than tactics. On Friday, December 5th, Mr. Lloyd George addressed the Liberal candidates at the National Liberal Club. His speech was a strange study in the art of blowing hot and cold. He denounced the Government as utterly inefficient. He had never known a worse. But, then, what was the alternative? If there was an immediate appeal to the country the Unionists would probably be returned with a mandate for Protection. In these circumstances the duty of the Liberals was to secure that the real voice of the country should be heard.

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The question for the Liberals therefore was: "If you cannot get Proportional Representation is it worth while to get the second best?" Although he did not himself believe in the Alternative Vote he thought that it would be better than nothing. It would, for instance, defeat Protection in the absence of a clear majority. When an Electoral Reform Bill was introduced, however, the House of Lords might be foolish enough to throw it out In that event the Lords must "abide by the consequences."

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After having presented this apparently clear case for resolutely keeping the Government in power Mr. Lloyd George threw several sops to Sir John Simon. For instance, "We Liberals have been a little too timid. It would have been a very good thing to have asserted our Parliamentary right to carry our criticism up to the point of defeating the Government. If there is a crisis on a matter of vital importance we shall have to act regardless of consequences." Next he said that there was no "deal" with the Government. But finally he swerved back to his first position—"We ought to give the Government another chance." It seems that there is, in the current phrase, contact but not compact. We agree that the growth of Liberalism is a strong possibility. There is more feeling for Free Trade in the country than the Protectionists know, but one thing stands in the way of Liberalism—Mr. Lloyd George's tactics as explained by himself.

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British Trade, Tariffs and Commonsense

Two articles by Sir Arthur Salter, which were published in the *Times* on Monday and Tuesday, might have been specially written to expose the uselessness to British trade of the ingredients which make up the Mosley mixture. Sir Arthur brings us up sharply against the unpleasant fact that the British share in the trade of the world was falling off before the present economic blizzard began to blow. He reminds us also that, apart from the woes of our essential export trade, we are failing to make progress as rapid as that of other countries in the new industries. This is due, he argues, to a peculiarly rigid and inelastic economic system which is seen in a conservatism of methods, in an undue tolerance for the hereditary principle in industry, in the divorce of banking from production, and in the defensive and protective character of the organizations of both employers and Trade Unions.

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The remedy, he thinks, must come mainly from the Banks with which the industries most in need of reorganization have "frozen" overdrafts. Acting together the Banks should have the courage to assist those industries which are anxious to Rationalize and reform, and so transform their present "dead hand upon development" into something creative and constructive. Sir Arthur makes significant observations on the relation between wages and prices, and emphasises the immense responsibility of the Trade Unions for making our system "more directive and adaptive." He touches, too, upon a possible reform of taxation so that it may bear less hardly upon productive sources. The lesson that foreign tariffs do not account for the relative decline in the economic position of Great Britain has yet to be learnt—if we are to judge by the sundry Protectionist counsels of despair. In fact, as Sir Arthur Salter points out, this country enjoys, as compared with its rivals, the advantages not only of some Preferences within the Empire, but of the lower prices resulting from free imports.

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A welcome dose of common sense about foreign tariffs was administered by Sir William Beveridge, who spoke on the wireless on Thursday, December 4th, in reply to Lord Beaverbrook. By an analysis of British unemployment he showed that retaliation is as futile as it is dangerous. So far from a reduction of employment abroad helping British trade, the bulk of our unemployment is due to the inability of foreign countries to buy as much as before from British workshops. He also pointed out the solid basis of the British objection to taxing food. A food-tax is graduated the wrong way round "like an Income Tax of ten shillings on the first £500 and five shillings above that." That sort of thing is inconceivable in a democratic age, and, moreover, the Dominions, owing to their interest in high Protection for their industries, cannot offer any sure or adequate compensating advantage. Lord Beaverbrook's revivalist campaign, he concluded, was well named a Crusade, because it belonged to a much earlier century.

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Bank Rate, 3 per cent., changed from 3½ per cent. on May 1st, 1930. War Loan (5 per cent.) was on Wednesday 103; on Wednesday week, 102⅞; a year ago, 99⅞, Funding Loan (4 per cent.) was on Wednesday 95; on Wednesday week, 94⅞; a year ago, 85⅛; Conversion Loan (3½ per cent.) was on Wednesday 81 3/16; on Wednesday week, 81⅛; a year ago, 73 15/16.

Another Short Cut

EVERY period of acute economic distress evokes remedies which have been thought out in panic. The prescriptions may have been written after long study and have an air of calmness even though of sternness; but none the less they may be the consequence of panic—of the well-known tendency to take it for granted that anything will be better than what is being endured. As a great many people who are incapable of thinking at all are under the same impulse to flee from the unendurable there is always a welcome awaiting a pat cure for everybody's ills.

And, after all, there is no need to excuse the headlong enthusiasm and the overflowing sympathies which have been behind half the nostrums of the world. Every proposal which is sincere earns consideration. If it proves unacceptable after reflection, nothing is lost, but rather something is gained because the sufferers have been lured into distinguishing between what is likely to help them and what is not. The strangest thing about most short cuts which are proposed as a new and easy way to the desired journey's end is that they have been tried before. The travellers who formerly preferred them to the easier but longer road either lost their way or were set upon by wild beasts. Those who, in a later age, urge the advantages of the same short cuts not knowing, or perhaps not choosing to remember, that they have been tried before are naturally impatient of the "obstructiveness," the "want of imagination," or the "caution," of their critics. But one of two things must happen: either caution prevails or the experiment is tried till disillusionment comes. Neither course will prevent like experiments being proposed or adopted again and again when the conditions for provoking them recur.

Sir Oswald Mosley's memorandum (about which Mr. John Strachey, one of the signatories, has written his thoughts in this issue of the *Spectator*) is the latest proposal for a short way of getting something done. It makes an extraordinarily varied appeal, as there is something in it to please everybody. Protection to please Conservatives, enough State-control by means of Import Boards and the regulation of industry to conciliate though not to enrapture Socialists, and enough expenditure on specially devised constructive work to please the Liberals. If it is true that some young Conservatives are particularly attracted by the memorandum, this is significant. A wayward flirtation between them and Sir Oswald Mosley's small group, which still calls itself Socialist, will not last very long; but in the meantime the majority of the Labour Party will have passed through the three stages of indignation, intolerance and—when the affair is almost forgotten—the easy-going indifference which men have towards something which cannot harm them.

What, in brief, Sir Oswald proposes is that the Cabinet should be superseded "for a stated period" by an Emergency Cabinet of five persons. These five would be vested with power to carry through an "emergency policy." The ordinary Ministers would be "retained" in order to conduct "normal business," but obviously they would be quite over-shadowed if not eclipsed by the Big Five. The memorandum remarks that Parliament would still have power to change the Government, but at one sweep all the later history of democracy would be washed out. The Chartists were profoundly convinced that when every man had a vote there could be no possibility of depriving the people of their rights. The people would only have to vote for what they wished, and all would be well. To-day Chartism is the commonplace of British Democracy. Yet when the goal has been reached we are told that the goal is not the goal. The real explanation of this curious repudiation is that Sir Oswald and his friends have lost patience because not enough people could be persuaded to vote for the right thing—as Sir Oswald saw it. We are, therefore, invited to return to an oligarchy. But in history oligarchs have changed places frequently with autocrats. How can Sir Oswald be sure that he is not really clearing the road for another dictatorship? Would all the five chosen rulers be efficient and righteous men? Would four be? Would three be? Would two be? If not, there would be only one left. And that might easily happen. Despotisms, dictatorships, Committees of Public Safety, oligarchies—they have all been tried: and because they all abused their power it was taken from them and distributed.

The next point in the memorandum which excites our misgiving is the strenuous return to economic nationalism. Mr. Strachey in his article even emphasizes this policy. He exclaims that we "make a present" to foreigners of a free market. That argument about weakly giving opportunities to the foreigner at our own expense instead of boldly retaliating upon him was faced and fully examined by Peel when the Corn Laws were abolished. He did not hesitate in his conclusion that this country stood to lose more than it could possibly gain by retaliation. A small island is not fitted geographically for a tariff war. It is fitted geographically to maintain its own and attract other shipping by means of great free harbours. It is fitted to produce finished products out of cheap raw materials. It is fitted to become the carrier of the world and the money market of the world. If it cannot thrive on its export trade it is difficult to see how it can be prosperous at all.

Sir Oswald, though an optimist in many things, is a pessimist in this—that he believes that under modern conditions the home market must be "the future basis of British trade." All ordinary people would say at once that there is not the smallest possibility of enough trade in this small area to ensure the prosperity and the high wages which Sir Oswald promises. The high wages are to guarantee a sufficient consuming capacity. Producer and consumer, we prefer to say, are to take in one another's washing. Of course, Sir Oswald does not by any means write off export trade as a matter of indifference: he is careful to say, on the lines of Lord Beaverbrook, that the British Commonwealth ought to develop a civilization "high enough to absorb the production of modern machinery which for the purpose must be largely insulated from wrecking forces in the rest of the world." The Dominions, he says, "have for the most part foodstuffs and raw materials to sell, and we have manufactured goods to sell. This natural balance of trade should be developed under a Commonwealth plan of mutual advantage." This is a delightfully reassuring description of a problem which has brought no nearer to

Next Week

"Vision v. Church," by Fr. C. C. Martindale, S.J.

Sir Rennell Rodd on "Dangers of the New Diplomacy."

An interview with the Marchese Marconi, by F. Yeats-Brown.

agreement people so notoriously anxious to agree upon it as Lord Beaverbrook, Mr. Baldwin and the Prime Minister of Canada. The insulation of the British Commonwealth, which involves holding at reasonable tariff's length the Mussolinis and the Pilsudskis of our present Europe is, of course, a flat contradiction of the traditional Labour policy of internationalism.

Sir Oswald has convinced himself—by what arguments we do not know, but scarcely, we should think, by arguments drawn from experience—that under a system of balances and adjustments between outgoings and incomings, and between urban industry and agriculture, and so forth, it would be possible to secure complete employment, high wages and a high standard of living. The tangle of Parliamentary procedure and local government would be cut away. The rehousing of the people would be undertaken by a great Public Utility Organisation. All this is a retrogression from popular rule. If it is not democracy neither is it Socialism, though the memorandum explains that Socialism is by no means abandoned. All that is proposed for the present is a policy which by Rationalizing the whole nation, as individual industries are now being Rationalized, would make Socialism easier in the end.

But would it? We venture to predict that the balances and adjustments all of which necessarily mean checks upon trade would produce not abundance but scarcity. What would be the first necessary step if in the Rationalized State the industries could not pay the promised high wages? Would the industries be subsidized, or what? And what would be the ultimate treatment of workers in revolt, since the State could not afford to be thwarted in this great adventure? We are not without clues. We know what has already happened in Australia, and, to say the least of it, nobody here is yet convinced that Russia is going to succeed.

Butchery and the Law

THE demand for laws that affect the humanities, that are meant to bring a cleaner and a fairer country and life, usually in our country come from private rather than corporate urgency. It is, therefore, characteristic of our mode of progress that a Bill for the humane slaughter of animals, though it concerns the whole population, should come from a private member, not from a Government. We may express the ardent hope that this will enable all parties to vote for it. Humanity is above politics.

Colonel Moore, who happily won in the luck of the ballot, will indeed at the second reading of his Bill have sympathy from all parts of the House. It is generally acknowledged that there is nothing in it, or him—of the faddist, or of the crank. The obligation to enforce a common decency in the killing of animals for food lies less heavily on the shoulders of any vegetarian, anti-vaccinationist, or even the professional humanitarian than of the ordinary citizen, who rejoices in the reputation of the roast beef of old England, and holds that man is designed by nature to be an eater of meat. If we feel a little squeamish, as most people feel, about the repulsive details of slaughter, this very squeamishness is a sign, is, indeed, proof, that an ugly evil is in being and that its nature ought to be publicly confessed. Progress has been hindered by nothing so much as a common dislike of the cruder details of the unlovely subject. In other words, we condone a continuous system of beastly cruelty because we are too delicately framed to face so coarse a theme. Our craven delicacy is made the excuse of a chartered system of inflicting pain.

What, then, are these nasty facts? The haphazard method of killing animals in many semi-private slaughter-yards is, with apologies for the word, an art, not a science. The killer is a fallible artist, who is forced by circumstance to take a grim pleasure and pride in his performance. In an early record of his experience in the Argentine Mr. Hudson gave an account of the excited pleasure of the men who clamoured for the privilege of slaughtering cattle from horseback. They rejoiced even in the grossest details, like the butcher in a satire by that most humane of poets, Thomas Hood. It is an outrage against humanity, as well as against the scientific spirit of our age that the killing of hundreds of animals a day on behalf of the community should remain an art and not a science. The necessary act of killing for any meat-eating people should be exact, scientific, as coldly and precisely mechanical as science can make it, if we are to avoid not only the infliction of needless pain on the victim, but the degradation of the human instrument. Long ago in Scotland butchers were not accepted on juries because they were held to have weakened their moral sense. That any animal should be suspended by a chain head downwards, revolved on a drum within sight and smell of previous victims before offering its throat to the knife of the cheap slaughterer is an offence against civilization, indeed against nature itself. If the public saw, heard, smelt, touched these things they would not endure the condition a day longer; they would feel that their common civilization was smirched, was even rotten at the centre. It is only because they thrust the scene behind them with a "pah!" of disgust and insist on looking the other way that they bring themselves to allow such offences.

The evil is not inherent in our dieteties. More than this: the remedy is as plain and simple as it is described in this week's private Bill. We possess instruments of precision which enable the slaughterer to do the necessary work with a mechanical precision that saves the poor beast from pain or anticipatory fears and the man from the sense of brutality. The fear of slightly greater expense, ignorance, blind conservatism, a native objection to Government interference or municipal inspection have buttressed an obstinate resistance to reform within the trade. But this opposition grows weaker every month; and at the worst was not worthy of any consideration from the public. Better methods have begun to prevail. Already nearly four hundred Town Councils or Urban and Rural District Councils have adopted a by-law based on a model issued by the Ministry of Health; and about a score of public slaughterhouses, built and operated on scientific principles, are in existence. Every year the use of the humane killer increases and increases at a progressive rate. The Trade, especially in Scotland, has in general withdrawn its factious criticisms. The humane or scientific methods do not, as all fair minds acknowledge, in any respect injure the quality of the meat. Public opinion has become overwhelmingly favourable to the reform. Colonel Moore's Bill, long and carefully thought out and correlated with trade demands and practical obligations, has nothing extreme or impractical in any word or clause. It would do little more than make general what the more progressive districts of Britain and countries of the world have already done. It endorses the general policy of the R.S.P.C.A., especially as to the right of entry into slaughterhouses by independent

inspectors, and the use of the humane killer. But in this connexion it may be well to point out that the chief criticism to which the R.S.P.C.A. has been subjected is its unwillingness to prosecute owners of the less progressive slaughterhouses or to extend the regulations at once to all classes of animals. In this regard, at any rate, no excesses of sentiment can be laid to its charge. It has been slow and moderate. Colonel Moore's Bill also is moderate. The severest criticism so far levelled against it is that it does not go quite far enough or fast enough, that the Jews and Mohammedans are allowed to contract out, that the small individual slaughterhouses and the haphazard organization of "butchering" are allowed to remain in this muddle and multiplicity; that practical wisdom has acted as a drag on the humanitarian ideal. Some day, perhaps, a little nearer to the millennium, if the world then still eats meat, all the unpleasant work will be done in large, highly organized slaughterhouses; and small yards be wholly abolished. But this is not yet a practical reform; and it is an unhappy fact that much money has been vainly spent in recent years in building such big slaughterhouses in places to which cattle, sheep and pigs cannot be conveniently or cheaply conveyed. The Bill is a good Bill. It is sane, inflicts no hardship on anyone, and would save our civilization from a barbarity that makes hypocrites of all of us who profess a hatred of cruelty. Almost a hundred years ago the *Spectator* became famous throughout Britain for its battle cry: "The Bill, the whole Bill and nothing but the Bill." In the sum of things, as seen by "the ideal spectator" of Professor James, it may be that this Reform Bill for the abolition of a daily and multiple cruelty is as important in its essence as that other Reform Bill which stirred Britain from top to bottom. There are spiritual and social reforms that outweigh political reforms, and this is one of them.

The Challenge To Religious Orthodoxy

[In this series men and women presenting the outlook of the younger generation have been invited to express their criticism of organized religion in order that their views may be answered from the Christian standpoint. Such criticism, well and ill-informed, is common, and we hold that it should be met by those best qualified to do so. This week Mr. C. E. M. Joad writes on "Is an Organized Church Necessary to Religion?" Next week Rev. Cyril Martindale, S.J., will reply to this article.]

Is an Organized Church Necessary to Religion?

By C. E. M. Joad.

I PROPOSE for the purpose of this article to assume the validity of what is known as religious experience. I assume, that is to say, that religious experience is not *always* and *merely* a projection of our hopes and wishes upon the empty canvas of the universe, but does, or at least can, bring us in touch with and give us information about the nature of that universe.

Moreover, I shall hold that it can only receive effective interpretation on the further assumption that that with which we are in touch and about which we receive information, is (lack of space compels me to put the point crudely) another world. Beauty is an inhabitant of this world, and the apprehension of the artist is one of the avenues through which mankind approaches it; so, probably, are goodness and truth, but I should hold it to be at least possible that these three are merged in a further unity to which we give the name of deity. I should say that religious experience may be interpreted as a confused awareness of deity, so conceived, and that it has occurred most indubitably, so far as the evolution of our species has gone up to the present, in the religious mystics.

So much being presumed, I can proceed to the immediate subject of this article. The question now becomes: By what means are men enabled to enjoy religious experience so defined, and can they be assisted by becoming members of a religious organization such as a Church?" I will take the two parts of the question in turn.

It seems to me to be clear that it is not possible for one man to enable another to enjoy religious experience. Religious experience, if my hypothesis is correct, is a purely private and personal affair, as private and personal as the toothache. Now no man can convey to another what the experience of having the toothache is like unless it has been shared, in however slight a degree, by his auditor. In the same way and for the same reason the mystics are totally unable to convey to those who have no tincture of mystical experience what it is that excites them. To the ordinary man they seem with their talk of "a delicious desert" and "a dazzling darkness" to be merely babbling. He simply does not know what they are driving at. Language after all was invented to convey the meanings appropriate to this world; it cannot be adapted to give information about another. Thus, if mysticism could give an account of itself, it would cease to be mysticism.

Nevertheless, it may be objected, something can be conveyed by way of symbolism. All the Churches have used symbols, and it must be supposed that these are at least not meaningless to their congregations.

There are, I think, two answers to this objection. In the first place symbols are in fact meaningless unless you know what they symbolize, in which event they become superfluous. If you can experience something directly, it is a mere waste of time trying to represent it by something else, and then proceeding to experience that. If you cannot, then you will not know what the something else which purports to represent it does in fact represent. Secondly, as the history of the Churches has shown, the symbols inevitably tend to obscure the thing symbolized. They divert interest to themselves and monopolize it. The interminable discussions and dissensions about matters of ritual and ceremony are a measure of the extent to which the outward and visible sign comes to transcend and obscure that which it signifies. For example, the controversy as to whether bread and wine is bread and wine or is body and blood, or whether mysteriously it both is and is not body and blood at the same time, is a good example of the dangers of symbolism.

To turn to the second part of the question, it may be said that if true religious experience is such as I have postulated, a form of direct intercourse with another world, then it is not to be lightly come by. Is it, then, to be expected that men can achieve it without guidance and enjoy it without assistance? And if guidance and assistance are necessary, should there not be an organized body whose business it is to supply them? Should there not in fact be a Church? The need for guidance and assistance I grant, but not of the organized body. I happen to be a person who is aesthetically obtuse to the graphic arts. If I go round a picture gallery alone, I admire pictures for what they represent, and discover little or nothing for myself of the formal beauty in virtue of which they have value. But if somebody more knowledgeable than I takes me, as it were, by the aesthetic hand and points out to me structural patterns

and harmonies of colour and line, my eyes are gradually opened, and I begin first to see and then to appreciate the significance of what has been explained to me—or, at least, I do so on occasion.

It is the same with religious experience. This, in my view, has been enjoyed in the fullest degree by those who have been able to apprehend the significance of the universe, just as my aesthetically knowledgeable friend apprehends the significance of the picture. These are the mystics, the precocious children of evolution, biological "sports" on the spiritual plane, who in virtue of their precocity can see further into the nature and meaning of things than ordinary men. And so seeing they may drop hints how to see as they do, but hints which, as I have said, are meaningful only to those who have already an inkling of their meaning.

Mystical experience is the fruit of a serenity of soul which has learnt to see mundane affairs in their proper perspective. There is a certain discipline of the spirit and, it may be, of the body, by which this serenity of soul may be achieved, and something of this discipline and of its outcome may be learnt from the mystics by those who would follow in their steps. But it is learnt from individuals, from their writings and their sayings, not from an organized Church. Religious mystics have been the most unorganizable of people, just because the only thing that seemed to them to matter was an incommunicable and an unorganizable thing. So completely, indeed, have they failed to realise the ideal of the model Churchman that their complete inability to understand the importance of the forms and ceremonies upon which the Churches in common with all organized bodies lay stress has usually got them into trouble with the ecclesiastical authorities.

If they have not brought men into touch with God, what has been the function of the Churches? In my view mainly social. They have been concerned less to introduce man to another world than to enable him to come to terms with this one. For this purpose it was necessary to provide him with certain beliefs as to the supernatural governance of the universe. These beliefs have formed the basis of creeds and codes by which his thought and conduct in this world have been regulated. And in proportion as regulation of thought and conduct was regarded as important, so have the beliefs been regarded as infallible. Thus the Churchmen have supplied the place of ignorance by converting other men's conjectures into dogmas.

Unfortunately, owing to a number of causes, of which the spread of education and science is the chief, people are ceasing to believe in the dogmas. A section of the Church endeavours to meet the situation by amending them in such a way that they shall not conflict with what science has shown to be true. Uselessly, since a creed in harmony with the science of to-day will be out of harmony with that of to-morrow. Meanwhile intelligent men and women, left without a creed which can command the allegiance of their intelligences, are finding to their surprise that in order to enjoy religious experience it is not necessary to have a creed at all.

Creeds and dogmas belong to the infantile stage of religion. They are picturesque legends about the supernatural governance of the universe suitable to the childhood of the race, which an adult generation will discard. The acids of modernity, to borrow a phrase of Walter Lippmann's, are likely to prove ultimately corrosive of all formulated beliefs, and will thus come to render the Churches which formulate them superfluous. But the gradual fading out of the Churches will no more inhibit that kind of experience which religious men in all ages have enjoyed, than the lapsing of the Royal Academy will prevent men producing and enjoying great art. The evolution of religion in the future (if religion is to survive) will therefore be one in which the experience of the great mystics will increasingly become the experience of the man in the street.

The Mosley Manifesto: Why We Have Issued It

By John Strachey, M.P.

[*In view of the interest taken in Sir Oswald Mosley's Manifesto, we have asked Mr. John Strachey to write on the subject, to which we have alluded in our first leading article.*—Ed. *Spectator.*]

I CAN, of course, only speak for myself: but, as I understand it, those of us who have signed and issued the Manifesto on national policy which appeared over last week-end have done so for this kind of reason. We have said publicly what we thought, because we were tired of voting for measures which we did not believe could cope with the present situation, or against motions which seemed to us equally irrelevant; of listening to speeches half of which appeared to us meaningless, and the other half frankly dishonest; of sitting quietly in the "best Club in the World," watching from its comfortable armchairs the slow, but slowly accelerating, decline of the British industrial and commercial system, and the rapid drift to disaster of the movement with which we are identified.

Being but humble private members of the House of Commons, we had no executive authority by which this state of things could be altered. The most we could do was to speak our minds with absolute candour and sincerity; but this, it seemed to us, was also the least we could do.

Now nearly everybody to-day is talking about a crisis; but it is very evident that scarcely anyone really believes in its existence. After all the country has not experienced an economic crisis which did not solve itself within a few months for a hundred years. We, however, have definitely come to the conclusion that, in Mr. Lloyd George's words, "we are moving into, rather than through, a crisis." It is not a crisis in which anything sudden or melodramatic will happen. It is simply a steady drift which must lead to the complete breaking down of all our laboriously built-up social standards, wages, hours, social services, &c., &c., unless something is done to arrest it. If we are wrong, if the economic situation will really and permanently improve itself, as Mr. Snowden, Mr. Graham and our Front Bench now daily assure us, then naturally we are entirely mistaken and our whole policy will never be implemented, for there will be no need for it; and no nation takes strong or drastic action until it is compelled to. If, however, we are right, and there is no trade recovery other than small and temporary upward fluctuations, then, whatever the immediate political consequence may be, it is clear that some policy of action must be adopted.

"We cannot muddle through this time." That is the essence of our message. We believe profoundly that we are right and that events will prove us so. That belief is founded on an intensive study of the world situation to-day. For a hundred years Great Britain has been *the* great nation of the world, enjoying a practical monopoly

of world export trade in its most lucrative branches. To-day she is, and will continue to be, *a* great nation of the world, one amongst a group of vigorous and active Powers. That fact is the fundamental one which has destroyed the old, easy-going basis of British trade and necessitated the building up of a stable new basis.

Our Manifesto itself, naturally, can do no more than indicate the general line which we believe to be the best way out of our present difficulties. It will be followed by a much longer and more comprehensive statement of policy. In a few sentences our line of policy might be summed up as follows.

(1) That the home market must be in future the essential and secured basis of British trade. That is to say, we must create the machine with which, and the conditions in which, we can plan out rationally and consciously the economic activities of this island. We must be able at will, for example, to readjust the balance between industry and agriculture, between heavy and light industries, between production and distribution, &c., &c. Such regulation necessitates the creation of various organizations, financial and otherwise, for the stimulation and co-operative regulation of industry. Secondly, it necessitates the power to bring into control the unregulated flow of the economic life of the world into and through these islands. It involves the control of imports, and we suggest a variety of methods for that control so that the ungovernable over-spill of the present world economic chaos of production, which grows yearly more hopeless, shall not wreck the attempt at planning and order which alone, in our view, will see this island through. This is the only alternative we can see to the policy which successive Governments adopt, the policy of trying by sweet reason to persuade foreign government and foreign industrialist to give us something in return for that great free market of which we already make them a present. Certainly it is true that it would be better for them as well as for us if we all knocked down our tariff walls, our import restrictions, &c., &c. But the "still small voice" of British economic reason has been attempting to teach this lesson to the world for seventy years; and its success is not conspicuous. We do not believe that the Europe of Mussolini, of Pilsudski, of Poincaré, and of Hitler will listen to Mr. Graham and Mr. Snowden when the comparatively Liberal Europe of before the War would not listen to a whole generation of British Free Traders. We are tired of a policy which sends British statesmen bleating round Europe with everything to ask for and nothing to offer.

(2) If our home market needs conditions within which planning is possible, our export trade also must not be left unorganized to be cut down in detail by the great highly organised "selling drives" of our competitors such as America. Planning, stability, and security can be applied by the method of bargains with our customers, to the greater part, at any rate, of our exports, and we readily agree that excellent opportunities for such economic bargaining exist with our Dominions. Our general attitude to the export trade is not, of course, to minimize its importance by one whit, but we think it useless to indulge in a foolish optimism which supposes that in the world of 1930 British exports, without any effort on our part, will ever rise enough to absorb the labour surplus which is ruining us to-day. We must fight, and fight hard, to hold our position in the world market, and we make proposals to that end; but for the expansion which alone can solve our difficulties we look primarily to the home market.

(3) For immediate purposes, while this fundamental reorganization of our national life is under way, we look to supporting, as they must be supported, in decency, our army of unemployed by work rather than by maintenance. We believe that it is only an administrative jungle of National, Municipal, and County Council machinery which stands between the nation and employing almost the whole of the permanently unemployed (about seven hundred thousand to a million men at the present time) on work of national reconstruction and modernization which is crying out to be done. This work is, indeed, a necessary preparation for the long term national planning we have advocated. It lies, above all, in the field of housing, agriculture and communications. Considered from a financial point of view, this means that we advocate a shifting of the effort of the Exchequer from paying out vast masses of money for unproductive purposes out of income, to making great State investments out of capital for productive purposes. We believe, in a word, that the way to deal with the short term side of the unemployment problem is to shift the emphasis from unproductive income expenditure to productive capital expenditure. Indeed, we recognize what the Government has discovered: that no great advance in direct expenditure on social services is possible before national reconstruction. For the same reasons we believe that the effort to repay the capital of the National Debt by a huge annual sinking fund out of the taxation of this one generation is premature and economically unsound. The only real way to deal with the Debt is so to increase national wealth and productivity that its proportionate burden becomes relatively insignificant.

(4) We recognize, as we must, that the present Parliamentary and Governmental machine is utterly incapable of carrying out such a programme as we have envisaged. A nineteenth-century Parliament, designed for the sedate discussions of leisurely days and nights, cannot conceivably even look at the modern task. Parliament's essential function, as the representative of the Will of the Nation, is to put an Executive into power, to watch it, and when it loses confidence in it to replace it by another. That is the essential of Democracy, and it must be sacrosanct: but for Parliament to insist upon a right to obstruct, to delay, to clog its own Executive while not turning it out, is to reduce Democracy to obstruction; and it is that which has got to go.

Openly to advocate a policy of this character at the present juncture will be, and indeed has been, considered political suicide. Of that the signatories naturally cannot judge. Maybe we have committed political suicide. Who knows, and who cares? It is not for ordinary private members of Parliament to take the importance of their own careers too tragically; but as persons in whom a constituency has put its trust they have an inescapable duty. If they genuinely believe that their country as a whole, and the movement to which they belong in particular, is slowly moving towards a disaster, then they cannot escape the responsibility of saying so and of advocating some reversal of present policy by which they believe a way out can be found.

The Week in Parliament

THE Government has persisted in its intention to allow the Dyestuffs Act to lapse, despite opposition from various quarters which at one moment seemed too formidable to be ignored. In the debate on Thursday of last week Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister built up a case against the action of the Board of Trade which was impregnable. Mr. Graham made no serious attempt to refute the arguments advanced in favour of the Act, but sought to justify himself on the ground that it had

now achieved the purposes for which it was originally designed, and was no longer necessary.

Sir John Simon thought that a case had been made out for enquiry into the working of the Act before it was repealed; and Mr. Wise, in an effective speech, argued once more against his own front bench. But upon this occasion he was unable to persuade the socialist Left Wing to support him in the division lobby, and the Government won home with a fairly comfortable majority. Yet another shrewd blow against a revival of confidence in British industry.

The second reading of the Unemployment Insurance Bill was taken on Monday. Major Walter Elliot moved its rejection with a characteristically brilliant speech, and was ably seconded by Captain Crookshank. This debate was, in effect, continued on Tuesday, when the supplementary estimate for £10,000,000 to finance additional transitional benefits was under consideration. Mr. Ormsby-Gore and Mr. Stanley restated the Conservative case, and Mr. Buchanan surpassed himself in defence of those who, through no fault of their own, now find themselves permanently out of work. In his concluding passage he achieved a fine flight of rhetorical eloquence. The defence of the Government on both days, in the hands of Miss Bondfield and Mr. Lawson, was purely perfunctory. There is no defence for leaving a vital issue untouched for eighteen months and then flinging it over to a Royal Commission for further delay. The Minister was exceedingly generous in dealing out detailed and accurate information, but this only proved how unnecessary it is to enquire further into the facts of the situation. Action not information is what is wanted; and we are not likely to get it from the present administration. Liberal members have taken little or no part in these debates, and the Government majority has kept pretty high; an indication that the "compact"—or is it "contact"?—has gone a little farther than Mr. Lloyd George implied.

That Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Henderson, two of the shrewdest tacticians on the political stage, would arrange an election as a benefit performance for Mr. Baldwin about February of next year has always seemed to the present writer an improbable contingency. But the realization of the possibility of another year of the present Government has only now begun to dawn upon many Conservative members, and it has come as a distinct shock. Meanwhile Sir Oswald Mosley has once again fluttered the dovecot with his spectacular "manifesto" to the nation. I understand that, with the exception of Mr. Amery, it has not aroused much enthusiasm in the Unionist party, but that some of the younger Liberals are interested in it, despite its protectionist flavour, and that it is having a favourable reception in certain industrial districts. It can hardly be expected to change the political situation at once. Its "long-term" value will depend on whether it induces employers and trade unionists to work together in the sphere of industry for a common objective. And this in turn depends upon the extent and depth of the economic crisis. WATCHMAN.

Democracy Listens-In

By LEONARD WOOLF.

THE article by Sir John Reith, in a recent issue of the *Spectator*, on "Broadcasting and a Better World," was not only interesting in itself, but raised some interesting questions. For instance, in the following sentence he raises the whole question of the relation between the microphone and democracy: "If democracy is the ruling formula of the day, Broadcasting provides the tempering factor which gives it for the first time under modern conditions a real chance of operating as a living force throughout the extended community . . . ." Today we are all democrats—unless we are Fascists or Communists—but Democracy herself has few real friends or lovers, and when they praise her or defend her, they do so apologetically and without enthusiasm. Even her staunchest admirers admit that she has proved just a little bit disappointing.

I believe the truth to be, as Sir John Reith implies, that Democracy has never yet had a fair chance, and that the fair chance is, or may be, now given to her by the B.B.C. Democracy as an ideal means a society in which everyone is treated politically and socially as a free, equal, and intelligent individual. In practice, our forefathers acted as if freedom and intelligence would look after themselves, provided the equality of the individual was guaranteed to him by his right from time to time to make a cross on a ballot paper. The vast mass of the population in European countries have never had the opportunity of becoming educated, cultured, or even well-informed citizens, capable of understanding the problems which under the forms of democracy they were supposed to decide.

In Savoy Hill we have for the first time in history, modestly concealed under the simple letters B.B.C., a gigantic instrument of democratic education in the widest possible sense. Its vast potentialities have developed almost accidentally. First there is the immense popularity of broadcasting, so that physically practically the whole democracy listens-in. Hence those who control the microphone and arrange the programmes wield enormous power, the power of propaganda or education, of culture or barbarism, or that grey twilight between the two which seems characteristic of so much in modern civilization, of giving or withholding the knowledge of facts, of stating or suppressing opinion. Secondly, the accident of its constitution has had a great effect upon the potentialities of the B.B.C. as an educator of democracy. The fact that it is a semi-public organization means that, unlike similar organizations in some other countries, it has not to rely financially upon advertisements. Those who arrange the programmes are therefore able to consider their effect upon the minds of the democracy listening-in rather than upon the advertisement revenue.

To deal with the question of the right organization and use of this power would require a book; in a short article one can but make one or possibly two scratches on the surface of the subject. Take the question of controversial matters, religious or political—what should be the attitude of the B.B.C. towards them and the democracy which is listening-in? If democracy is to have a chance and the B.B.C. to remain alive and not sink into a kind of mummified cross between a hurdy-gurdy and a penny reading, such matters must be dealt with boldly and continually. To say that a question is controversial is merely to say that it is a living question, precisely the kind of question that the free and intelligent individual, who has the inestimable privilege of making his mark on a ballot paper, ought to understand and discuss. Originally, I believe, the P.M.G. banned such questions. Facts, however, proved too strong and controversy crept in by the back door. But the present policy is still disappointing and unsatisfactory. Controversy should not be merely allowed to creep in by the back door; it should be welcomed with open arms. The B.B.C. will never give democracy the chance which Sir John Reith sees that it can give it, if it bans such subjects as India and Russia. Those are probably the two subjects to which more than any others Democracy ought to have been listening-in

during the last six months. But there is silence in Savoy Hill, and, for all my loud speaker tells me, Catherine the Great is still ruling so peacefully and properly in St. Petersburg and the gentle Aurunzeb in Delhi.

Of course, there are difficulties in dealing with these subjects—difficulties and dangers; but the two greatest difficulties and dangers to democracy are timidity and absolute truth. As a free and intelligent citizen, I want to know all the facts and all the opinions about Russia and India: I should like to hear the whitest White and the reddest Red, the most crusted Indian Colonel and Mr. Gandhi in his white cap. In what other way is it possible for an intelligent citizen to become a well-informed citizen? Of course there would be an outery: when the Whites used the microphone, the Reds would thunder about the B.B.C. being used for propaganda, and when the turn of the Reds came to use the microphone, it would be the turn of the Whites to use the thunder. The answer to this objection is that if the B.B.C. is going to listen to that sort of outery, it will relapse at once into the dull, grey, boring, snuffy twilight between civilization and barbarism. The history of the Press during the last fifty years—and particularly the history of the Yellow Press—has shown that in a democracy an "outery" should not be mistaken for public opinion. Most of the failures of democracy have been due to timid democrats who have no faith in democracy. And democracy, if it is going to listen-in, must learn to be democratic, to listen to all facts and all opinions, including those which it does not believe and does not like.

Absolute truth is an even greater difficulty and danger than timidity. We all believe that certain things are good and certain things are true, and it is natural that those who are responsible for drawing up the B.B.C. programmes, and are therefore exercising this immense power of spreading the knowledge of facts and ideas, should allow their own ethical and other beliefs to influence their general broadcasting policy. It is natural, but dangerous: dangerous because it is so easy to slip into the position of the Censor and believe that one has the right to treat one's own views as absolute truth. It is so easy to say: "The people must not hear that because they would not understand it (as I, the possessor of absolute truth, can), and they must not hear that because it is false or heretical or the dogma of a false Church, and they must not listen to that because it is immoral: but they may listen to that because it is true or good for them or innocuous."

The general policy of programme choosing must, of course, be influenced by the beliefs of those who make the choice. It is the more important that the ultimate responsibility for choosing should be in the right hands. The Board, in whom such responsibility rests, should, I suggest, consist of young, active, and open minded persons, in touch with the ideas and movements of the day, who will be able to show courage and independence. That rules out two kinds of director. Nothing could be more fatal for the future of the B.B.C. than a Board on which sat nominees of political parties with the duty of guarding the "interests" of their parties. The result would be the kind of compromise by which everything of any interest would be ruled out and no one was ever allowed to say anything but the platitudes common to the perorations of all politicians. Almost equally fatal would be a Board of very distinguished and elderly persons, a guarantee of respectability and "safety first," sitting as an ultimate Court of Appeal remote from the working staff of the B.B.C. The result would be the euthanasia of timid respectability which attacks so many public and private institutions.

Dull Sermons

By The Rev. P. B. Clayton.

THIS is the sort of thing that empties our Churches:—

"We look round about us, dear people, do we not? And we realize perhaps how in these changing times of ours this faith of ours needs—does it not?—to be very, very much stronger than one can say it is."

This is not parody. I heard it with my very, very own ears this very day. I sat right under it, and wrote it down. No one else noticed it! The two other men in church, both sidesmen on duty, were wrapt in their own reflections at the time, and the odds and ends of feminine and juvenile congregation showed no signs of supporting me, if I rose up and wept aloud.

A stranger, if a lover of the language, would have turned hot and cold, wishing he had not come. An intelligent artisan would have registered a red-hot resolution to go elsewhere, or not to go at all. And all that went before only made it worse. To drop down out of the clustered splendours of the Book of Common Prayer into this soggy inanity of speech is an illegal impost on all loyalty. If only the old statute which deals with brawls in churches could be amended to admit the use of hassocks or hymn-books as flying reminders that "do we not?" is desperately faint-hearted, and "very, very" poisonous vulgarity; victims might get redress. As matters stand, the English of the average English pulpits is a morass of hesitating phrases, picked out with stepping-stones of truculence. The layman, who respects fair thinking clearly summarized, will wince at this decoction; while the withers of the sinner remain unwrung.

It is a fact, solemn in every sense, that in a ministry of forty years, most clergymen must preach at least five thousand times. Some long-lived active men have attained to a total of twenty thousand sermons; while every Sunday, in the home churches only, more than this total number of discourses are delivered. It is not so enjoined by any law of Church or State; yet there it stands, the all-prevailing fashion that every church must have two Sunday sermons, often from the same man. No church is proof for long against slovenly preaching. It is an art as delicate as the fiddle; both should be laid aside, if the aspirant cannot find time for the technique.

Shepherds are seldom garrulous, and their selection should be separate; the parish priest and the persuasive preacher are a rare combination in one character. Their training is distinct; their equipment not confused. The preacher spreads his net as wide as it will open. The pastor, with his crook, deals with each case as if there were no others. Very few preachers have the temperament which close-in work requires. The parish priest, if worth his salt, must visit constantly, and listen all day long, sifting the dust of other people's talking for the long-looked-for pearl: travelling the waste of little things unweariedly, assured as he moves on from door to door, that even knocking has an emblematic meaning. He is the wise Remembrancer, whose conversation, while natural and unaffected, is woven cunningly with little links between the day's work and the Divine good will. He is to carry not only into homes, but into workshops, the infection of a consecrated courage.

In church, the cloud before the mercy seat is the parish priest's pre-occupation. He pleads and praises, reads and prays, and nourishes all that is good in men; dispensing the great mysteries which Jesus has vouchsafed. He is not a dumb guide; for he will teach, interpret, question and testify. But pulpit-preaching should not be his function.

I would arraign the pulpit, under our present fashion, as an unsuspected enemy of Christianity. It is Pandora's

box, well stocked with hidden evils. Let us see some of them. First, pulpits have produced a mass effect of rendering religion a thing to be discoursed about with rhetoric, dependent upon the stimulus of loud words and transitory emotions. The religion of the New Testament is not this at all. Pulpits have long ago confused the issues of salvation. Christ said, "The more you hear, the deeper your necessity for action." The pulpit says, "Hear on," "Listen to these ennobling sentiments time and again. If you do not reject them, then you will very likely go to heaven." The Pulpit is an idol, tending to draw those easily impressed from the stern truth that God requires worship from his creatures, into an easier way—sitting and being preached to; there it ends, with thousands upon thousands, and those who hear the pulpit think (often against facts) that they have found Salvation.

The pulpit is an instrument, peculiarly dependent upon arts our Saviour never used—forensic arts of flattery, magniloquence, lip-service, and simulated ecstasy. The pulpit renders those who mount into it tempted to seek men's praise, and to think that they save souls. The pulpit jettisons, or at least jeopardizes, the root-thought of the Family, none greater, none less, falling before God's footstool. It has destroyed good teaching, and substituted fine preaching. It has denuded parishes of their true parish priests: for many men truly called are so terrified of the ordeal of the pulpit that they hold back from Orders.

It shelters, like most foes of pure Christianity, under an ample panoply of texts concerning the preaching of the Gospel. But none of these, if examined, justifies us in demanding innumerable sermons from every man called to serve Christ in Orders. They are Christ's slaves, not His toast-masters.

What the Church needs is a new Reformation, sweeping away the idols which serve but to confuse. The greatest and the ugliest of them all is the obtrusive pulpit—cushions and desk and sounding-board—down with them to the ground! They have outlived their day.

No one would wish to quench the voice of prophecy. But prophets don't need pulpits. No Christian would desire that teaching should be dropped. But teachers teach from tables, or walking to and fro. My point is that the pulpit *per se* is as obsolete as a mounting-block, and that the old—but not august—convention which forces every clergyman to enter it on Sundays, and forces worshippers to cease from worship and to listen to a good man being foolish, is a monstrosity. No Prayer Book orders it. Custom alone acclaims it, since Merrie England died.

Old Maids and New Books

By H. M.

LATELY I happened to meet an "old maid," or if the term is preferred, an elderly spinster, who told me that she had just been reading, or rather trying to read, a recent much-advertised big German novel, a book labelled variously "stupendous," "a work of genius," "an amazing achievement," and so forth by the critics, but that she had found it so intolerably dull that after having suffered one evening of boredom she gave it up disgusted, not only with the laboriousness of the thing itself but with the critics whose advice she had followed. She added that this was the last time she would take such advice, so often had she been disappointed before, and ended by declaring that she would make a better book critic herself. "I'm not by any means a literary person, but I do feel that I know what books are readable and what aren't."

Now this woman's suggestion, that she would make a better book-critic herself, was made only half seriously. She didn't really mean it perhaps. And what I refrained from asking her was, why not?—because, of course, if she could write at all, it was almost certainly true. Here was a normally balanced woman, one who, obviously, had plenty of other interests besides books, and it was clear that for her, as for every ordinarily intelligent reader, the test of a book's worth consisted in whether or not it was interesting and amusing, and in nothing else. And in what else should it consist? If we are bored, are we really to admire the author's cleverness, to be impressed by his ability to fill six hundred pages with words? But, aside from that, this particular woman, as an old maid, had my additional respect for her special qualities of mind. I felt that her judgment could be relied upon if only because she belonged to what may be called the sisterhood of commonsensible old maids.

This, admittedly, seems on the face of it to be an absurd statement. To-day even the very name spinster, though a perfectly good, honest and pleasant-sounding one, is scorned, and of the popular parrot-cries about women, none, for a long time, has been less open to dispute than that the elderly unmarried woman, as a type, is of all types the most prim, priggish and narrow-minded. Recently, indeed, since a number of unbalanced writers, discovering sex, started to tell the world about it, spinsters have fallen into even deeper disrepute—for reasons, incidentally, which quite overlook the fact that "old maids" seldom, if ever, trouble to write autobiographies from which the actual truth about themselves may be gleaned. Might they not be allowed, at least, the old Victorian vice of keeping personal affairs private? But apart from any modern erudity, the priggishness of old maids may, after all, be disputed, and I certainly do dispute it.

It is true that numbers of them are almost savagely opinionated—well, in an age when so few people have opinions of any kind beyond what are shoved down their throats, that is something to be thankful for, but, on the other hand, I have known at least three old maids who were amongst the most truly broad-minded people I ever met. They could give the average married woman points all round the compass—"and then some." They were alert, alive, utterly sane, intellectually as sharp as their own needles, and, beyond all this, *they simply would not be fooled*. This, perhaps, was why they had never married—but I am writing about them here in connexion with books. I really believe that a group of intelligent old maids, of this independent kind, who mind their own business and only ask that other people should mind theirs, would make the ideal book selection committee—in this I mean no disrespect to the existing Book Society, whose selections, in my necessarily humble opinion, are always worth watching—nor, anyhow, is the Book Society in very serious danger of rivalry on this point. But what is one society, added to a small and dwindling band of real critics and reviewers, against a whole fashion? And it is pleasant, at least, to imagine how these commonsensible spinsters would help to swing the balance back from emotional humbug to a sane standard. Here we should have no babble of genius, at twopence the pound, no talk of pages throbbing with passionate sincerity—in other words, with the perfectly humourless earnestness of immaturity—no stupendous achievements; in fact, no blurb or bunkum. We should be told simply whether the book was worth reading, and why, and by this we should know, incidentally, whether or not it was a work of art. Because, however stupendous, shattering, world-shaking a new book may be, if it is still dull, pretentious and tedious to a group of wide-awake, perspicacious and

intelligent people, it is almost certainly not the work, at any rate, of a great artist. It just might be, since it is true that in every century two or three geniuses are badly misunderstood, but if the spinsters went astray only with two or three geniuses they would do fairly well. Nor would they have to trouble with questions of art at all. If we find a cake heavy and dull, or hollow, we don't trouble about how the cook made it; we merely don't eat the cake. But that is good enough proof that the cook is no artist.

The scheme, it must be admitted, of a group of book-judging spinsters, is actually just fantastic; but, on the other hand, I do believe that the ordinary non-bookish reader, represented at his sanest and least gullible by the alert spinster, will, sooner or later, come to reject for good the judgment of the false experts who would advise him. He may have done so already—I don't know—but there is, unfortunately, one discovery that he appears not yet to have made—*i.e.*, that what may be called the herd of "stupendous follow-my-leader critics" is not nowadays talking the same language as himself, the ordinary reader.

Let me say here, that so far as individual persons writing about books are concerned, I respect them all very deeply; it is only policy to do so. And it must be admitted too that all reviewers, however insignificant or powerful, are liable to the most astonishing misrepresentation by the publicity writers—*e.g.*, "a brilliant book," the last half of the phrase, "in its own rather trivial way," being omitted. Still, the new language, in one way and another, has come into existence, and look at the result.

Take, for instance, the stupendous type of big, blundering German novel which is all the rage with the advertisers this year. This, of course, in the new language, falls into the work-of-genius category right away; the number of pages probably has something to do with it. But since when, the reader may ask himself, has genius consisted in the ability to manufacture bulk, to shove down a vast mass of words and sentences in which the story, if any, is hopelessly swamped? To him, on the contrary, whatever else genius may be, it certainly includes the power of selection, the power, that is, to see through all this mess, and then to use what is relevant, and what is relevant only. Equally, in the reader's understanding of the word—I am referring, of course, to the reader who is an individual, as distinct from the masses who follow and believe in the popular press—genius, though it will out, is cool and cunning, declaring itself neither in flame nor in floods of passionate protest. (O, this terrible flaming, flooding passion talk! What should we think of the glass-blower, an artist who also uses flame, who gave us a mess of molten glass for the cool bubbles?)

However, I seem to be in danger of becoming pedantic, a disgusting vice which I repudiate whether guilty or not. Only let me mention those other special darlings of the times, the "satires" on Bright Young Society, the "brilliant exposure" of school or cocktail life—in ordinary language, at its best, competent reporting without a spark of imagination, at its worst the "yah boo snubs" attitude of a little boy who finds his schoolmates out in their little vices. If these are brilliant pictures of contemporary life, and those others, those ponderous volumes, masterpieces, then such a book as, for instance, *A Sentimental Journey*, must, surely, be put altogether beyond words, the work of a creature not properly belonging to this planet, one as far above men as men are above maggots. But, in fact, as our friend the commonsensible spinster amongst others quite recognizes, the truth is that whereas Laurence Sterne was merely a human being, a very human one indeed, a born and a consummate artist as well, the authors of seventy-five per cent. of the books so belauded to-day are either fumbling propagandists or, what is worse, schoolgirls and youths who write the King's English, admittedly, often very well, but about nothing—this is frequently called a psychological study.

One more point for the spinsters. Even if the new book language were almost entirely caused by, let us say, careless advertising, the spinsters would soon put this right. I can almost hear one of those I knew speaking, pinning down her victim: "Don't misrepresent me, man—fool! Or are you a knave?" She would want to know.

Demeter's Children

By W. M. Letts.

IT was a wind-shaken night in October when I first realized Frances as herself, and not as a little girl hardly distinguishable from Angela, her younger sister. She had been, I confess it, for some time just one of the seven children of the farmhouse to my recognition; now, on this October night, she became quite definitely Frances. Yet the manner of it seems trivial. We were sitting by the turf fire in the living room, having tea and soda bread before the dark and lonesome drive to Dublin, across the Curragh and through Newbridge and Naas. At such a time the kindliness of the turf fire and the lamp and the friendly faces are very good, for the roads of Kildare are lonely, and the Curragh is very bleak on a rain-smitten night in Autumn.

So well we know and love them, the farmer Anthony and his Madonna-like wife, Arthur and Maureen, Frances, Angela, Michael, Gertie, Shamus, and Master the collie dog. But still, as I tell you, when I saw two fair-haired gentle girls I could not be perfectly certain which was Frances and which Angela. But this time Angela was sitting on the settle beside Michael and Gertie, three pairs of legs dangling, when the half door opened and a child came in out of the windy darkness. The child had a little red felt hat on her fair head and a switch in her hand. She had been driving the donkey home. Why this picture is so vivid to me I can hardly tell. But I knew that this was Frances, a creature faerylike and more akin to the wide wet fields than any of them. Had she risen in a mist wraith from those meadows by the Barrow it would not have seemed strange. She is cousin to the reeds and the purple loosestrife, the yellow flags and the meadow-sweet, and to the gliding waters of the Barrow and its tributary the Bog river. In the summer that followed this realization of Frances she came for her first visit to Dublin. A friendship is established between a certain garage flat and a certain farmhouse in Kildare, and visits are exchanged each summer. Maureen of the dancing feet had come to town, and now Frances must have her turn. We brought her to a Military Tattoo, for that, we thought, must be a wonder for long recollection to a country child. The crowds were large and urgent and rough. We held Frances by either hand; she is so little and gentle that one always has a fear of her vanishing. She marvelled at the drill, the bands, the fireworks, the shooting. Yes, she was as amazed as we could wish, but we knew that her spirit was a little scared and perturbed. The kind mother at the flat told us that Frances was speechless with fatigue, and slept till late in the morning.

The next plan was more successful; it was a walk down the East pier of Kingstown Harbour. Frances in a blue cotton dress and a straw beribboned hat seemed to sparkle in the sunshine. With her was Maggie, who might be an angel in a Fra Lippo Lippi picture with her wide brow and gentle hazel eyes. Maggie is the owner of all virtues

and graces, but she will be urban until she sets foot in the New Jerusalem, which will please her as being a city and, who knows, a cleansed edition of her native Dublin. Maggie enjoyed the sun and the sea, and was glad to paddle on the sloping wall near the lighthouse, but I had not the uneasy feeling that a mermaid might catch her by the toe, a fate that seemed fantastic but possible for Frances. For now I knew that water bewitched this child. Up to her knees she stood in the green sea trying to catch a little fish that she might bring it back to the farm in Kildare. And again the picture is clear to me, Frances in her blue dress and blue ribboned hat, a creature akin to sea and sky and alien to streets or cinemas. Maggie dismisses Kildare as "lonely," but Frances wishes to pay town but a fleeting visit; she on her part is lonely for the bog, the brown river, the brooding quiet of the fields, the martin-haunted house with its half door open, the little old shell of a castle where the white owl lives. To put Frances in town would be to plant Grass of Parnassus in a parched garden, a cruel thing which I have once done and regretted. For Frances is one of the children of Demeter, and she cannot find her mother in the city.

But Demeter's children, by some freak of the stars, may be born in town and suffer the insufficient urban life which has no horizons and no brooding quiet. You come across them here and there, wistful, rather silent children who cherish any flower they find. They lack they know not what, and exist rather than live, because their real life could only be in the country. I had known Kevin for a year and more in town before I knew him for one of Demeter's children. Always in the little town garden Kevin was breathing rather heavily at my elbow, but interested in every leaf and puny flower. He handled plants with gentle little fingers. He saved them from snails, he watered them with a constancy rare in childhood. When Peter, his brother, having had rheumatic fever, went down to the Kildare farmhouse we did not think of Kevin. He was so young. Maggie, the neat and exquisite Lippo Lippi angel, went. Autumn came and Kevin had no country holiday. He wept, the quiet tears of a patient little boy, but I did not hear this till later. But the next summer all the children, even Eileen the bold, and Patricia, the baby, went to the farmhouse by the Barrow. All of them enjoyed it, but Kevin did more than enjoy. He really began to live. He bathed in the Barrow; he rode on the hay bogeys; he went to the Bog for turf. With shirt open and face burnt brown he was Kevin, with that difference which comes of a life fitting and full. And he established a contact, found his own kin. Demeter clasped him to her heart, but Demeter took the form of the motherly mistress of the farm. I have turned my back so as not to see Kevin's tears at leave taking. I have heard "Now you'll be back soon, Kevin. You must come again at Christmas."

And to us she says with a laugh "Somehow we all love Kevin, he's one of the family here. He belongs to Cloney."

So at Christmas, at Easter, and in the glorious days of Summer, Kevin goes to his true home, the country. In town here he is the same quiet, good little boy who helps in the garden. But I know that he has a vision, a far horizon of bog and river, the dim blue of the hills of Leix. He has met Demeter in the fields among the daisies or the whin bushes. She has kissed him, and he will never forget.

DIRECT *subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to notify the* SPECTATOR *Office* BEFORE MIDDAY *on* MONDAY OF EACH WEEK. *The previous address to which the paper has been sent and receipt reference number should be quoted.*

Gramophone Notes

COLUMBIA has solved the problem of Christmas presents for many people by issuing a superb recording of Mozart's Quintet in G minor, played by the Lener Quartet and an extra viola player. There are four records and they cost 26s. It is hard to overestimate the value of these, for at once it becomes possible for hundreds of people to hear constantly one of the really great musical compositions, which hitherto one would have been lucky to hear once in three years. No single disk can be chosen as better than another, and I can only beg that as Christmas comes but once a year every reader of these notes will buy the whole set.

Next after this, I recommend Bruno Walter's conducting of the Rose Cavalier waltzes, also a Columbia disk; I have already spoken of Herr Walter's superlative recording qualities, and this disk illustrates them, perhaps, better than any other.

More likely to be missed, though as likely to give pleasure, are three disks issued by Parlophone (RO 20117 9). On these Conchita Supervia sings Da Falla's Seven Popular Songs. The growing affection for Spanish rhythms ought to ensure these a great welcome, and they are more authentic than much that passes as Spanish in the hands of foreign composers. And that reminds me that several correspondents have written for more particulars of La Argentina's records. These are issued by Parlophone, and the Bolero by Iradiev appears with a Serenata by Malats on R 650. Now that the Ravel Bolero has taken the world by storm, it is particularly interesting to hear such a disk: and the castanets of the great dancer have an amazing power of evoking the sight of the dance for any who have seen it in Spain. I cannot help feeling that the admittedly lighter music on this disk is likely to outlast the sophistication of Ravel's four-sided excitement. La Argentina has also been recorded on R 577 in a Granados piece, and one by Valverde.

It is worth while trying to hear some of the hidden treasure to be found in foreign lists of disks not issued in England. H.M.V. has an especially fine lot of Spanish music only issued in Spain. In a month or so I hope to write an article on this, but readers who are interested in such music, so difficult to obtain, will be glad to know that Levy's, 19-20 High Street, Whitechapel, E. 1, can import them at prices cheaper than those current in Spain. I think that, if sufficient people would show an interest, H.M.V. might be persuaded to issue an album called "Iberia," containing some representative national and regional Spanish music. We have four separate recordings now of the Ravel Bolero, and yet we are not allowed to hear the exquisite jotas, sardanas, cante flamenco, Asturean and Basque dances which have been done for the gramophone by the dozen.

Several South American correspondents have written of the difficulty of getting H.M.V. and other records from England. I think most of their troubles would be at an end if they would write to the Gramophone Shop, 18 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City, which has special facilities for sending imported disks anywhere in the American Continent.

Another address which will be valuable to overseas readers is Imhof House, New Oxford Street, London. Imhof's can be relied upon to send unplayed records to any part of the world in the shortest possible time. Finally, Keith Prowse are the English agents for German Polydor records. Polydor have published perhaps the finest of all piano disks so far, and for German *lieder* their lists are unsurpassed. Nobody who really values the gramophone for what it can give should fail to keep on their shelves complete catalogues of Polydor, Columbia, H.M.V. and Parlophone issues, and there are several London shops able and willing to give honest information as to which of rival recordings is musically superior; and since the issue of any work by one company seems to be regarded by all the other companies as a challenge to issue the same work, such expert information is often necessary.

Two other pieces of information are essential to the true gramophile: first of all—and it is surprising that our correspondence proves that many are ignorant of this—the National Gramophone Society, 10A Soho Square, exists to issue the best chamber music for connoisseurs. Recent issues include Wolf's Italian Serenade, an exquisite quartet; Bach's Concerto in F minor for piano and strings, played by Ethel Bartlett; Bax's String Quartet in G major, and his sonata for two pianos, played by Rae Robertson and Ethel Bartlett. Nobody can afford to forget the N.G.S. nowadays. And, finally, it is as well to remind our readers that Mr. Compton Mackenzie continues to edit his monthly, *Radio-Gramophone*, with enthusiasm and wit. I am not sure that the best two monthlies published in England are not Mr. O. G. S. Crawford's *Antiquity* and the *Gramophone*; at least both can be read with admiration by people with no special interest in their subject-matter, and what better criterion can one have than this?

This article has been designed to satisfy a large number of correspondents: may I say how encouraging this correspondence has been, seeing how experimental these notes were in a paper like the *Spectator*?

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES.

The Round Table Conference

Problems and Prophecies

By Edward Thompson

It has been a week of sifting and separating. What subjects are to be Federal, what Provincial? Is the Central Government to be a strong one, or are the Provinces to be "Sovereign States," with a loose and vague allegiance to an all-India Government operating in only a very few fields? Behind all this discussion in London looms the shadow of revolution in India; and through the duller, menacing thunder of a discontent which will not be "non-violent" much longer, come the shrill, insistent demands of this or that communal section, instructing its representatives not to give way on a "minimum" claim. The communal question remains the most intractable of all. If the Conference can come to an agreement on it, then, so far as this country is concerned, the agreement will go through. The British front is incomparably the easiest of the three fronts on which India's delegates are fighting. Infinitely harder is the "internal front" of their own disagreements, and the Indian front of Congress opposition and widespread lawlessness.

How Will The Princes Decide?

Subjects in which the Crown is involved, which include, besides foreign relations, questions touching the Princes' sovereignty—rights of succession, the procedure to be adopted towards a misgoverned or defaulting or recalcitrant State—the Conference has left on one side. They will be vested in the Viceroy during a time of transition; ultimately, those that concern the Princes will pass to a specially constituted judicial body. Questions of "residuary powers"—the Crown's right of interference in extreme cases—and the structure of the Federal Government come next in order, to be considered after the severance of subjects into Federal and Provincial. This week the reader must forgive a page of prophecy. I believe the Princes will decide that they cannot afford to enter only an Upper House (the Federal Council). If there is one House made up by nomination and indirect election, and one directly elected, the latter will hold itself justified, from Western precedent and the whole modern trend, in claiming to override the former. The decision to be represented in both Federal Houses will be more far-reaching than the earlier decision to federate. It will give India a stronger Central Government—and how greatly is she going to need a strong Central Government! It solves several minor but obstinate questions; it makes it certain that others will in a few years compel their own solution, without any outside pressure. We shall see the Princes keeping their own civil and criminal administration; but a Federal Parliament, with two Chambers operating on an equality with each other, will legislate for all-India in such questions as taxation and tariffs and communications and defence.

The Subjects of Indian States

We shall see Federal Customs officers in charge not only at Calcutta and Karachi, but in the comparatively obscure but growing ports of Native India. The last local currencies and postal systems will disappear. There will be no jealousy of the revenue from any of these sources, since it will go into a Federal purse, in whose disbursement the Princes will have a voice. Further, in time the representation of the Princes in the popular Chamber will bring about the democratization of their States. I pointed out last week that the people of the States are unrepresented in the Conference, and that no settlement which left them unconsidered would prove a settlement. But neither the British nor the British-Indian Delegates have the legal right to raise the problem of the Princes' people. Several States, however—among them such important States as Mysore, Travancore, and Cochin—already have legislative councils and a franchise. It is likely (unless the Princes without representative institutions strongly and successfully oppose this) that these States will elect at least some of their representation in the Central Legislatures. In that case there will be a powerful reaction from the Centre, and in a few years we shall see legislative bodies and machinery in nearly all the States, introduced by the Princes themselves.

Hindu-Moslem Difficulties

The obstinate communal question cannot be profitably discussed on the basis of what is said about it openly. The most statesmanlike of the Hindu Delegates realize that the only wise and safe action is the generous action, recognizing the fear and distrust abroad in India and conceding special representation in the hope that in time they can persuade the minorities to trust an India no longer Sikh or Muslim or Hindu or Christian, Brahmin or Depressed, but Indian. But from India come the mandates of the great sectional organizations or sectional leaders. The Muslims distrust the ability of the more generous Hindu Moderates "to deliver the goods." They rather watch those Delegates who are supposed to represent the Maha Sabha, the Hindu organization.

Muslims and Sikhs

The Hindus, on the other hand, believe that the Muslims are dreaming of a block of four Muslim States, Sind, the Punjab, the North-West Frontier Province, and Baluchistan, with a Muslim hinterland in Afghanistan and beyond—"a Mahommedan Corridor from Constantinople to Saharunpur." This might secede at will, or hang over India like an avalanche about to fall. The Muslim refusal to accept the Hindu concession of separate and reserved representation, so long as there are joint electorates (which would enable Hindu votes to keep out of power the Muslim diehard or bigot), strengthens the Hindu fear. The Sikhs, a smaller community, one per cent. of India's population, in the Punjab (where they have an eighteen per cent. representation, for eleven per cent. of the population) are insistent on a thirty per cent. representation, which if granted will destroy the keystone of the Muslim four-State block. For justification, they can point to the Muslim over-representation in the United Provinces and elsewhere. The justification in their own minds, however, is that it was from a Sikh power that the British conquered the Punjab, and that they are the sword-hand of India, providing a third (till recently, more) of the Indian Army. They dread being submerged. On the other hand, it is argued that their separate entity is political rather than religious, and is far from being a constant factor. The Sikhs tend to sink into the more orthodox Hindu community, with which they freely intermarry.

The National Congress

The National Congress is the only strong political organization in India to-day, and the only one that maintains a stiff discipline (amounting, indeed, to a tyranny tolerated only as an emergency or war measure against the Government). Its members conduct ceaseless propaganda in the villages, at wayside stations, in the third-class railway compartments. They have succeeded in bringing India near to what she has hitherto always escaped, despite her economic misery, a Peasants' Revolt. Three years ago there was little Communism in India; there is now a great and growing amount. India can escape revolution only by vigorous and courageous reconstruction, put through by a strong Central Government. A Central Government that uses Indian Ministers who are not responsible to their own people will be a weak one, possessing only scapegoats, in place of statesmen. The best thing the Congress has done is to make the young people, whether Hindu or Muslim, no longer communal. The Delegates in London will be wise to ignore the voices insistent on a ruthless and unmitigated communalism, and to choose a course which will rally non-communal Young India to the side of order. Also, as soon as possible, there should be an explicit acknowledgment of India's tariff autonomy, which will remove the motive which has put her business community behind the wrecking campaign. For the rest, there is cause for hopefulness in two facts, which every day has made clearer. The Delegates are aware that they cannot remain in London for ever and that they dare not return without a settlement; and in Lord Sankey the ideal Chairman has been found, well-informed as to all the endless intricacies of his task and as aware of the future's menace as any Delegate is.

Country Life

A Slur on Sport.

Sportsmen as a body, in this case thoroughly in sympathy with those who are not sportsmen, indeed even with those who are vehemently opposed to all field sports, should unite to condemn certain recent or existing excesses. The year has been wonderfully congenial to pheasants, partridges and, incidentally, to rabbits. Last year was not less favourable; and the opportunity of killing more birds than anyone had killed before became an ideal that appealed to a number of people: they put the size of the bag—unlovely word—before the sport. In the Eastern Counties (where some owners of shoots were jealous of the reputation of Hampshire) over 700 brace of partridges were killed in one shoot in one day. Such a holocaust is achieved by hyperbolic artificiality, which produces the very negation of sport, if that word is to retain any of its better meaning: and it is, of course, widely used to label what is proudly held to be a peculiar quality of Englishmen.

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It is well to visualize such a "bag" in its bare details. A number of platoons of beaters are engaged. They drive the birds into great fields of roots and sometimes drive them backwards and forwards, and contrive all sorts of methods of keeping them condensed. Occasionally the birds, which, though rapid flyers, tire if long flights are imposed, are already weary when they are at last driven towards the guns. Behind a hedge or belt wait men selected solely for their professional skill as marksmen. They are equipped with two or three guns passed to them as another is emptied by trained loaders. Even with three guns the metal may become unpleasantly hot to hold, so rapid is the fire. In this furious burst of firing no man can remember individual shots. He cannot see at all what any neighbour is doing. He is like a slaughterman in the Chicago slaughterhouse. He is there professionally to kill, not for his own amusement, but in order to lay on the head of his host the wreath of a reputation for surpassing the best on record. The number of birds killed is the sole test of the day.

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We have seen this year a few exorbitant examples of this mania, on which our best sportsmen and writers on sport have already animadverted. It is averred that on occasion the birds were too exhausted to fly, and that the dogs and beaters added as large a quota to the bag as any gun. Let such details, whatever their mathematical accuracy, be set aside. I write this not to refer to any one silly and beastly instance, but to discourage the growth of a false idea of sport. I knew of one shoot last year where a successful effort was made to lower the local best-on-record. Massed beaters and picked guns were turned upon the partridges *early in September*. Some 200 brace were killed and the numbers so reduced that no further shooting could be enjoyed for the rest of the season if any birds were to be left to breed. A number of half-grown birds were shot.

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So far I have referred only to partridges which are native wild birds. The mania for the bag is worse in regard to pheasants, and makes of the owner of the shoot a more commercial Bagman than any traveller, even if his samples are of skins and osprey plumes. In a period of depression it is not unusual to breed, to "put down" ten thousand or even fifteen thousand birds, of which many in these days are of strange and various plumage: Japanese versicolors, melanistic mutants, Caucasians, Mongolians and the rest. A sportsman said to me the other day in effect: "When I had shot sixty at one stand before the beat was nearly over, I stopped counting for sheer boredom." Very often little or no attempt is made to persuade or even enable the birds to rise high. There is nothing to be said against the hand-reared pheasant. The so-called tame bird is often a better flyer than the wild bird, which frequently takes to its legs: and a cocketing pheasant needs a peculiar skill. It is harder to shoot except after long practice than a snipe. Nevertheless in nearly every big bag a large proportion of the birds are "sitters": the shoot is a massacre. A caustic gag—to give one particular example—prevails in the village: it is averred that the butcher will only give Mr. X half price because half the weight of his birds is lead.

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It has happened not once or twice that when it is particularly desired—for what reason no sane and decent person can understand—to top the thousand pheasants, or the hundred or three hundred brace of partridges that the keepers are summoned in aid: what they shoot round the edges of the property on the day before are added in for the sake of the grand total. An ideal not less pernicious prevails on many grouse moors. One can just understand—to quote a particular record—a single sportsman going out early, and returning late, and working hard all day in order to kill a thousand grouse to his own gun. At the worst, endurance as well as skill is needed for the undesirable feat. But recent battues—to use a word that was once notorious—are of a worse kidney. They have no redeeming feature at all and are ugly in every aspect. They are a grievous slur on the sporting spirit in Britain, an evil example as well as an unlovely spectacle. It is, I am afraid, undeniable that the artificiality of sport is growing continually. The isolation of all other gifts such as wood-lore, natural history knowledge or the hunter's sense, is not held to be a drawback: and the sole ambition becomes the multiplicity of corpses.

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Happily there is a reaction too. How many sportsmen, sated with such experiences, begin to confess that they like the small day better than the big day? A modicum of birds flying fast and high, a group of men who have other bonds of friendship than a skill in marksmanship, a day that contains particular memories of this shot and that, not a blur of successive and unremarkable murders, a bit of country either wild and lovely or designed first for agriculture and second for sport—such fare as this pleases them not less than the battue disgusts, or at any rate disillusions. Perhaps even some of the professionals (often professional guests as well as professional marksmen) will in their saner moments confess that they often sigh for a small day, when they may exercise their personal skill as hunters and be free from the trammels of three guns, two loaders, an obsequious host, and the interminable shop of the slaughterhouse. The professional longs to return to his amateur status.

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Country Cards and Diaries.

I quoted last week the example of a calendar published by the "Men of the Trees" as one sign of the prevalence of "rural bias." In the same line of country several Christmas-time productions deserve attention. One of the most charming pictures of a bird I ever saw—it is suggestive of a Japanese print in some attributes—is published as a Christmas card by the Norfolk Naturalists' Trust on behalf of its funds for the purchase of Alder Fen Sanctuary, for which £600 is still needed and for other beneficent work. This bearded tit, faithfully coloured and characteristically perched on a Norfolk Reed, is a delightful work of art, apart from its interest for naturalists, and can be purchased for 4d. from the Trust at 31 Surrey Street, Norwich. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds publishes a card of similar qualities. This year the bird selected is a wheatear, depicted by Thorburn. Some of the latest diaries illustrate the same rural tendencies. There is a Letts' *Farmer's and Countryman's Pocket Diary*, quite new in design, edited by Mr. Allsebrook, well-known for his official energy in making the agricultural show (especially in "the three counties") an educational subject. He too, incidentally, is an ardent admirer of the "Men of the Trees" movement. It is to be hoped that it will be perfected in subsequent years, till it becomes in its sphere as good as the model *R.H.S. Gardener's Diary*, which is almost an encyclopaedia of useful garden information.

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A Berried Christmas

A Christmas of many berries is promised. Birds have refrained from even hips and haws, and the hollies are brilliant with coral. Anyone who values his holly trees is advised to watch commercial marauders in lorries, who have already begun to cut and carry off boughs and even trunks.

W. Beach Thomas.

Letters to the Editor

GREAT BRITAIN AND INDIA

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In Dr. Edward Thompson's article in the *Spectator* of November 22nd there are one or two matters which will be likely to create a wrong impression.

The first—perhaps a small point—is that he refers to "bad blood" between Europeans of Bombay and those of Calcutta, and from the context he seems to class it with the hatred between Hindus and Mahommedans and similar familiar Indian hatreds. In the first place, there is no bad blood between Europeans at all. Hardly is there material difference of opinion on essentials and to refer to individual differences of opinion as bad blood between communities is not only misleading, but dangerous because it might tend to weaken the position at the Conference of the non-official European representatives.

There are only three of them, but the manner of their appointment is sufficient alone to dispose of the bad blood myth. The European community has two systems of association. There are the Chambers of Commerce—which are not purely European—and which are combined in the Associated Chambers of India and Ceylon. There is also the European Association. The Chambers are purely for trade, the Association is for social service and for political purposes. The individuals forming the Chambers and the Association are very largely identical, but the objects of the bodies are different. When non-official representatives came to be selected to serve at the Conference the Associated Chambers and the European Association together chose a panel of six names for submission to the Viceroy. The three chosen are the joint nominees of the Chambers and the Association.

Then as regards the policy which these representatives are instructed to follow at the Conference. The position was first examined by branches of the Association which exist all over India and the Chambers of Commerce also considered the position. During the course of this examination divergent opinions naturally emerged. At one time the Bombay branch of the European Association held views which were not wholly acceptable to the rest of India. There were several large meetings held in Calcutta at which a party outside the Council of the Association put forward certain views. Individuals over the length and breadth of India wrote long and thoughtful expressions of their personal opinions. All these views were considered and discussed, and when the twenty resolutions of the European Association were finally adopted they were adopted practically unanimously. This was sufficiently remarkable, but subsequently the Bengal Chamber of Commerce adopted resolutions which, though different in wording, were identical in policy.

The general policy of the community may be summed up as the desire to evolve for India a system which shall satisfy India's self-respect and at the same time preserve such order in India as shall enable every man to enjoy his own in peace. This, with one essential condition added, is not greatly different from the desire expressed by Dr. Thompson to put an end to the "Hell-broth," and to hand "India's destiny over to her own sons."

But here two questions arise. Which of her sons are to get the destiny and which of them can fulfil the conditions that every man may enjoy his own in peace?

Dr. Thompson seems to be convinced that the Congress are the only unruly elements in India and that peace will ensue once they have got the power; in other words, that Congress would be able to preserve law and order in India. It is, unfortunately, a view which does not accord with probabilities. If power in India were handed over to a body such as the late Legislative Assembly it is probable that it would not have any authority outside the walls of the building housing it. How could it? Every province could safely defy it; and so could every district and every class and race which disliked and contemned it.

Dr. Thompson's solution of a "Strong Centre Party," formed out of the moderates in the Congress (as if there were any) is to talk of the pacification of China in terms of Liberal equilibrists at Westminster.—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. B. HOLME, Member, London Committee,
The European Association (India),
77 *Gloucester House*, 19 *Charing Cross Road*,
London, W.C. 2.

THE MADURA CASE

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—When your correspondent dragged me into the Madura controversy, I questioned the completeness (not the honesty or accuracy) of his statement. Your readers now know that I was justified. He says that Mr. Keithahn's Mission, complying with the requirement of political neutrality, have obliged Mr. Keithahn to leave India, "since he could not carry on the work which took him there." The authorities would not encourage a British missionary doing similar work in the Philippines. Mr. Reynolds follows Mr. Keithahn in making a distinction which the Indians themselves certainly would not make, or any foreigner but one newly come to the Indian political question: "Ralph Keithahn identified himself completely with the *Khadi* movement, which aims at restoring the peasant industries of spinning and weaving—hence his Gandhi cap. On the other hand, he systematically avoided involving himself in the political struggle." When Mr. Keithahn adopted khadder and Gandhi cap, he did much more than identify himself with a purely economic movement. He added immensely to the difficulties of a man whose departmental rules prevent him from setting out his side of the affair; and Mr. Keithahn's own Mission plainly sympathized with the Magistrate. The Magistrate lost his head, and issued an illegal order. But I see no reason for making a martyr or a hero of Mr. Keithahn, and while we are remembering minorities let us be fair to that minority which has to do its best to ensure an ordered transition period for India. I am, however, sorry I misunderstood the nature of Mr. Reynolds' visit to Mr. Keithahn, who certainly has a right to give hospitality to anyone he chooses. For this mistake I apologise, and I am glad to have it cleared up.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Scar Top, Boars Hill, Oxford. EDWARD THOMPSON.

[We agree with Dr. Thompson that Mr. Keithahn did much more than identify himself with an economic movement, and have certainly every desire to be fair to the official element. We have, however, already dealt with the circumstances under which Mr. Keithahn left India, and must now close the correspondence.—ED. *Spectator.*]

FORCED LABOUR AND SLAVERY

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Commander Carlyon Bellairs, M.P., proposed and carried an important resolution on Forced Labour and Slavery, at a meeting of Conservative Associations held on the 25th November.

As the carrying of this resolution raises issues which seem to demand some farther explanation, I trust you will allow me to set forth quite shortly the international position on the subject. The resolution raises three important points: (1) Within what limits is Government justified in exacting Forced Labour? (2) At what point does Forced Labour become Slavery? (3) Is a boycott of slave produce desirable and practicable?

For nearly twenty-five years a few of us connected with all political parties have endeavoured, not without success, to secure international acceptance of certain broad features with regard to Forced Labour and Slavery. As a result of prolonged inquiry these main features are now embodied in resolutions and conventions passed either by the League of Nations or by the International Labour Office.

From these instruments the following main points emerge:—

1. (*a*) Modern Governments should only exact Forced Labour in times of disaster—floods, fires and other "acts of God."

(*b*) Administrations in backward countries should limit the exaction of Forced Labour to works of purely public or communal benefit. But in all cases labourers so called out must be provided

with shelter, food and medical treatment coupled with the payment of wages at the prevailing market rate.*

2. Whenever and wherever Forced Labour is used commercially in order to obtain financial profit, then it ceases to partake of the character of what is legitimate in the exaction of Forced Labour and in fact becomes Slavery.

An examination of the many systems under which Forced Labour and the leasing of Convict Labour have been exacted *for financial gain*, shows that invariably they have led to the infliction of physical punishments; in particular the whip, the chain and the gun have always formed an essential part of the "control."

How far it may be possible or desirable for a State to boycott slave grown produce is difficult to say because it has never, I think, been attempted. But a boycott of slave grown produce has been adopted on more than one occasion. The most recent boycott was that of the Swiss and three British cocoa firms who refused—and I believe the British firms still refuse—knowingly to purchase for their factories the cocoa beans grown in certain African territories. During the period when sugar was grown on the slave plantations of the West Indies, women's committees in this country organized a boycott of slave grown sugar.—I am, Sir, &c.,

JOHN H. HARRIS.

Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W. 1.

PERFORMING ANIMALS—A REPLY TO LORD LONSDALE

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Lord Lonsdale's efforts to show that performing animals are not trained by cruel methods is unconvincing. I am sure that his convictions are honest, and everyone will admire the frank way in which he expresses them; nevertheless I am sure that he is wrong. For example, Lord Lonsdale says he knows what tricks are taught by kindness and what tricks are taught otherwise. Thus he admits that some performing animals are trained by cruelty. Yet, in a later paragraph in his letter, Lord Lonsdale says that he has "made enquiries as to the trainers and others." Surely this was unnecessary if Lord Lonsdale's knowledge of trainers' methods was sound!

To compare the training of cart-horses, harness horses and others with the training of performing animals is futile. There is a vast difference between teaching a horse, once and for all, to do the work which is natural to him to do and training a horse to do a lot of useless, irritating, silly tricks which need repeated rehearsals, and making the horse perform those tricks at fixed times every day. When Lord Lonsdale writes in this strain he forgets that, in any case, his remarks cannot possibly apply to the training of lions, tigers, &c. But it is always the tricks of lions and other dangerous animals which form the star attraction of a circus.

Lord Lonsdale brings cats into his argument and asserts that they are "the most cruel of beasts with their prey." I do not see what this has to do with the subject in hand, but I am convinced in my own mind that a cat plays with a mouse for the same reason that it plays with a piece of paper—simply because it wants something to play with. The cat does not know that it is cruel.

The simple little tricks performed by Lord Lonsdale's ponies are vastly different from the very intricate and difficult tricks which the unthinking public want to see.

Lord Lonsdale asserts that the methods of a lion tamer are those usually employed when one is teaching a puppy. Well, I am sorry for any puppy taught by a lion tamer's methods. Here is a plain description of what a visitor to a circus saw recently:

> "We saw, on entering, a collection of polar bears being driven, by the threatening of the trainer's whip, to run into the ring, and there to jump on to pedestals, jump off them again, &c., at the trainer's bidding, and evidently much against their will. Again the polar bears were driven off, and in their places lions were made to undergo the same useless and pitiful indignities. The little faces beside me were not happy, and one little boy whisperingly enquired whether 'that naughty lion' was being really hit. As one would suppose, the poor wild beasts who could not be expected to understand what they were meant to do, and would only obey from abject fear, were almost in open revolt, and 'the naughty lion' became so refractory that the trainer (? intimidator) found it necessary to fire a blank cartridge at it, the animal crouching down, paralysed and dazed with fear. It was a horrible sight."

In the face of such evidence can Lord Lonsdale say that it is "all done by kindness"? Why does the trainer of performing animals always have a whip at a public performance? Is it merely for ornament or is it there to remind the animals of what they can expect from the whip if they fail to do their wretched show?

Lord Lonsdale asks, "What about training retrievers for shooting purposes?" and he goes on to suggest that some sheep dogs are trained by cruelty. All this is beside the point, and, in any case, two or three wrongs do not make one "right." Most retrievers and sheep dogs inherit their talents and are easily taught to do the work man requires them to do.

The last part of Lord Lonsdale's letter, in which he refers to the "cruelty of nature," the killing of seals, and rabbit trapping, has nothing to do with the subject in hand. The so-called "cruelty of nature" is a debatable point, but, in any case, man, having a brain superior to that of any other animal, should not have to come down to the level of an animal when he tries to justify something he wants to do.

Lord Lonsdale says, in the last paragraph but one of his letter, that he knows there are cruel trainers abroad, and in the next paragraph that he excepts the circuses of Italy, Spain and Sweden. He would seem to be contradicting himself, and he "gives the game away" completely in his last sentence: "I in no way hold any brief for local and travelling menageries, for I fear I dislike them owing to their continual movements and enclosed cages." But where do any circus lions live, if not in enclosed cages? and how do they get about the world if not by "continual movements"?—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. G. FAIRHOLME.

Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W. 1.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Lord Lonsdale is to be congratulated on being the first individual of note connected with the performing animal world to take up the cudgels on its behalf in reply to the large number of letters which during the last year have appeared in the Press.

It is impossible to give a detailed reply to his lengthy letter in the amount of space I dare beg you, Sir, and I propose, therefore, to sift the relatively few grains of performing animal wheat from the extraneous barley and oats.

In the first place I want to stress the point that this is no mere academic question. Fellow creatures of ours are suffering the torments of capture, transport and lifelong imprisonment, and Lord Lonsdale's plea that it is all right if they have never known freedom must be rejected at the outset. Would he or anyone else care to be forced to remain in the room he was born in for the term of his natural (or, rather, unnatural) life?

These animals have to be "trained"—a synonym for "broken" by hunger, thirst, prong or lash. We are told that Mr. Mills is very careful to choose turns not trained by cruelty. Does anyone believe that Cossmeyer's victim and slayer was trained by kindness? But how can Mr. Mills possibly *know* the exact methods used without being present in person at the training? Moreover, if he is so sure on this vital point, it would be interesting to know why he has not yet furnished me with the two passes to inspect his animals at any hour of the day or night, which I asked him for, *coram populo*, at Margate, in July, 1929.

It is certainly a great pity that Lord Lonsdale was not in his seat in the Lords last March when Lord Auckland made his memorable, and so far unchallenged, indictment of performing animal trainers, and it is difficult to see how, in the face of

> The decision of the House of Lords to prohibit performing animal turns;
>
> His position as a Vice-President of the R.S.P.C.A., which Society is now engaged in active propaganda against these turns; and
>
> His own denunciation of travelling menageries,

Lord Lonsdale can find it possible to be in any way connected with a circus which has had a travelling menagerie attached to it all this last summer.

But, really, who benefits, morally or otherwise, from these turns? The animals obviously do not. Nor do the children; in fact men and women teachers have protested most strongly

* See also telegram from Mr. Amery to Governor of Kenya, January 30th, 1925, Cmd. 2464.

against children being permitted to see them: and, as Jack London pertinently remarked, no normal man or woman who knows anything about the atrocities of the trade can possibly take pleasure in them.

Lord Lonsdale can, by using his influence in the right direction, earn the gratitude not only of the nation as a whole, but of a very hard-hit section thereof, the unemployed human artistes, who are searching in vain for the jobs which these inane animal turns at present occupy in some of our circuses and music halls, for there is, of course, no intention on anyone's part to attempt to abolish the circus, and one can only wonder what has led Lord Lonsdale to make such a suggestion.—I am, Sir, &c., EDMUND T. MACMICHAEL, Secretary, Performing and Captive Animals Defence League.

17 *Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C.* 2.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—It is quite true, as Lord Lonsdale says, that it is extremely difficult to say where cruelty begins, particularly in the case of such recognized friends of animals as he is. Many years ago I happened to be one morning in one of the larger buildings in London where circuses are occasionally shown. One was showing then, but I was unaware of that fact. I was about to leave the building when I saw a man leading a very good-looking horse. I thought "This looks interesting," and followed him. He led the horse, an Hungarian thoroughbred, to a remote part of the building where was a long bare hoarding. He at once put the horse through his paces, the ordinary movements that are frequently seen in the *haute école*, walking sideways, crossing the feet, &c., &c. All was done by word of command and went well for some time. At length the horse made a mistake, on which the trainer held him short by the head and administered half a dozen slashes with a cutting whip. Every horse-owner will know what this would mean to a well-bred horse. I saw this happen three or four times and then left. By this time the horse was sweating profusely, trembling all over, eyes starting, nostrils quivering, showing every sign of fear.

Was this cruelty or merely necessary punishment? I certainly think the former. All this time the trainer was perfectly cool, there was no trace of temper or passion: it was merely the ordinary routine of training. It is only fair to mention that this incident occurred many years ago, and things may have improved since then. The trainer told me that, to the best of my recollection, the horse had already undergone two years of this training, and it would take two years more before he was fit for the ring. There need be no cruelty in breaking a horse for farm work, riding and driving, but even if there were, the training is to serve a useful purpose, which circus training is not. No one would think for a moment that Lord Lonsdale had used cruelty in training his hat-retrieving pony, and I hope no one would accuse me either of cruelty in training a horse to lie down, as I once did. (I well remember how once he lay down before the inspecting officer in front of my old regiment, to my considerable embarrassment. No doubt it was meant as a salute.) However, such tricks as these are quite insufficient for the ring, and one wonders if more elaborate performances can be taught equally humanely.—I am, Sir, &c., LEONARD NOBLE.

Harpsden Court, Henley-on-Thames.

ELECTORAL REFORM

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Students of the comic in human affairs will welcome with glee the promise of an Electoral Reform Bill before Christmas. The promise suggests that we are about to be deluged with a torrent of round phrases to the effect that the will of the people must prevail. The fact, of course, is that the Labour Party and the Liberal Party are the grandmama and the grandpapa of Westminster, who regard the British public as an infant still needing to be well smacked and stood in a corner.

On two counts they find that the child is misbehaving at this moment. There is its unmistakable yearning for sweepstakes; and there is its delight in the gift schemes organised by makers of soap, chocolates, cigarettes, and so forth.

Would any Labour or Liberal leader dare to get up in public and say that the will of the people to indulge in either of these innocent diversions must prevail? He would not; he would be afraid of the busybodies whose knowledge of what they are shouting about is less than their itch to interfere as lustily as they can in what is no concern of theirs.

The attitude could not be sterner if the sweepstake organisers were robbing the Bank of England instead of presenting hospitals with much needed revenue; or if the organisers of the gift schemes were broadcasting dynamite and arsenic instead of little luxuries to thousands of homes.

In such circumstances who will deny that this Labour and Liberal talk about letting the will of the people prevail is (if Mr. J. H. Thomas will allow me) just—humbug?—I am, Sir, &c., N. GRATTAN DOYLE.

House of Commons.

MATERNAL MORTALITY

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I am loth to trespass further on your space, yet some points in Dr. Churchill's letter in reply to me ought not to pass unanswered, as the welfare of maternity is not a personal question, but a great public issue, important to the race.

At a loss to understand why she should have quoted the Huddersfield figures of 1928 and the London figures of 1929, I have looked up the Ministry of Health Reports of the State of the Public Health for both these years. The result is exceedingly striking:—

		Per 1,000 live births
	1928.	
Huddersfield.	Maternal mortality rate	5.75
London.	.. ..	3.08
	1929.	
Huddersfield.	Maternal mortality rate .. .	3.45
London.	.. ..	3.61

The moral of Dr. Churchill's figures is thus reversed.

Is the remarkable fall in Huddersfield's maternal mortality in the past year attributable to other causes, or is it due to increased use of the facilities provided by the Health Department? Huddersfield is a textile town, and as Sir George Newman has pointed out: Maternal mortality is relatively high in the textile areas where many women endure the double strain of factory work and home work. Compare with the Huddersfield maternal mortality rate of 3.45 the 7.07 of Blackburn, the 6.25 of Dewsbury, the 6.85 of Halifax, and the 10.33 of Wigan.

The ante-natal medical care and the home-helps provided by the Health Department of Huddersfield have undoubtedly done much good. When the doctors of the Health Department are able to be in attendance during the confinement, aided by maternity nurses from the Health Department, a still greater improvement will be secured. This further service is bound to come.

It is regrettable that Dr. Churchill should find difficulty in discussing midwifery in a lay journal, as the professional journal of the British Medical Association does not permit such a discussion in its columns.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

West Dene, Charteris Road, Woodford Green, Essex.

Dr. Churchill writes: "The figures given for Huddersfield were taken from the Report of the Medical Officer of Health of that Borough, but for some reason they do not agree with those quoted from the Ministry of Health Report. In any case figures for one year are not entirely reliable in accounting for a rise or fall in the death rate, and for purposes of comparison it would be better to discuss them in quinquennial or decennial groups. It must be obvious to your readers that technical details of midwifery are unsuitable for discussion in a lay journal. We can only deduce from the letters that have been published that Miss Pankhurst and the M.O.H. for Huddersfield are the only two people who understand about the reduction of maternal mortality in this country. This opinion is not apparently shared by other experts whose opinion is available in the annual report of the Ministry of Health."

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED. *Spectator.*]

THE REASON FOR HITLERISM

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I append a translation of portions of a letter received a few days ago from a German friend. The writer is a distinguished young scholar, a graduate of Heidelberg, who has always taken up a position in favour of reconciliation and

peace. Feeling, as I do, that his observations would be read with a good deal of interest and sympathy by those English people who do not regard the Treaty of Versailles as a model of judicial rectitude, I venture to hope you may be able to find a place for them in the columns of the *Spectator*.—I am, Sir, &c., B. J. Dale.

28 *Elsworthy Road, Primrose Hill, N.W.* 3.

Extract from a letter from Dr. Hans Günther, of Heidelberg.

"The Hitler movement is strongly conditioned by the attitude of former enemy countries. It is a fact that distress in Germany is rapidly increasing. Above all, the reserves which help one to carry on in time of need no longer exist. We have already over three million unemployed, and the number is daily increasing. Foreign countries fail to disarm: agreements are concluded at Geneva which have no genuine reality: the payments under the Young Plan press very heavily, particularly because, in contrast to the Dawes Plan, the Young Plan demands more payments in cash than deliveries in kind. The old parties have shown themselves unable to solve our inner-political problems. As a consequence, the feeling of discontent is very great, and is only too easily intensified. One cannot, however, overlook the fact of foreign responsibility for this position. Just imagine—the myth of war-guilt is still allowed to stand, twelve years after the 'Peace' of Versailles; in spite of the fact that leading scholars, not only in Germany, but in other lands as well, have testified in a contrary sense. Consider, further, the Polish Corridor. It is absolutely out of the question that East Prussia should remain permanently severed from the Reich.

"Within measurable time three questions will have to be cleared up: the repudiation of the war-guilt myth; a scaling-down of the reparation payments (which, according to foreign opinions, are not exactly a blessing for the Entente Powers); and the carrying out of disarmament by France, &c. As far as these matters are concerned, I agree with the Hitler movement. There is no talk at all of force, or of war. Those are sheer calumnies. But how can one expect the German people to tolerate the gigantic armaments maintained by its ex-enemies? It is because the Parties of the Left in Germany have not put up a stout enough defence against foreign pretensions that the Hitler party continues to gain such powerful support. In the next Reichstag there may well be 200 Hitlerites, instead of the present 107. We [the writer and his wife] did *not* vote for Hitler at the last election. I still hold firmly to the thought and the hope of a peaceful solution of these problems. I believe, too, that in foreign countries a new generation is growing up which, in the long run, will refuse to be associated with a policy of force. But, in view of the attitude of ex-enemy countries, how can one expect a German to think on pacifist lines—although he has the best intentions and wishes to pursue a policy of reconciliation? Up to now it has been the Germans who desired peace, and who have disarmed, and the reports that we are secretly arming are really old wives' tales! In view of the organized system of espionage which exists, how would it be possible to manufacture armaments? And if we *had* double the amount, which we *ought* to have, it would still be ludicrous in comparison to the immense armament which France alone possesses! It is certainly understandable if Germans have lost faith, when one considers the hypocritical attitude of the former Allies, but of France in particular, in the three matters of war-guilt, reparations and disarmament. It cannot be denied that, among thoughtful people in all countries, there exists a substantial number of pacifists. I cannot, however, believe that if serious danger threatened their influence would carry any weight."

GAS v. ELECTRICITY

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—I am a great admirer of Major Yeats-Brown as an author, and I condole with him on having been pushed into controversy about gas and electricity by those who have not been too careful in posting him with information. It has even led him, I am sure unconsciously, into considerable misrepresentations.

Who, on reading his letter in the *Speciator* dated November 29th, in which he says:—"Other cooks prefer electricity—for instance, those at the Kit Kat Restaurant"; and the subsequent sentence in which he refers to "other restaurants—using electricity entirely for cooking," thus implying that so does the Kit Kat; who, I ask, would imagine that the consumption of gas for cooking at the Kit Kat Restaurant during the twelve months ended two days ago was over five and a half million cubic feet, and is steadily going on at that rate?

Who, when they read in that letter the statement "nor did I say that electricity was cheaper than gas," would imagine that in Major Yeats-Brown's original article there occurred the sentence: "At 1d. per unit, electricity is cheaper than coal or gas"—which led to my original protest and correction of fact?

Major Yeats-Brown "is informed" of two hotels and five restaurants "using electricity entirely for cooking"—how accurately in one case at least I have shown above—and has "no doubt there are many more." If he will give me one guinea for every gas-equipped hotel or restaurant kitchen in Great Britain in which no electrical cooking apparatus is used—to furnish a list of them would require a special supplement of the *Spectator*—I will gladly give him fifty for every hotel and restaurant "using electricity entirely for cooking" in which no gas cooking apparatus is used: and I will give the balance—which will be a very handsome cheque—to King Edward's Hospital Fund under the pseudonym "Fair Play for Gas."

If our electrical friends—and their literary allies—would only stick to facts, there would be no need for any of this distasteful controversy. But gas is that type of wicked animal that sometimes defends itself when attacked—and we have had just a little more of this insidious State-aided inaccurate propaganda than reasonable people can be expected to stand without protest.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Francis Goodenough.

The British Commercial Gas Association,
28 Grosvenor Gardens, Victoria, S.W. 1.

[Major Yeats-Brown writes:—"I will take Sir Francis's only serious point first. Perhaps I was wrong in saying that electricity at 1d. a unit would be cheaper than coal or gas, although I do not admit I was. It depends what is meant by cheapness. For some purposes electricity is cheaper than coal or gas at that price; and some hotels and restaurants find electricity suitable for cooking at a considerably higher price. Other kitchens, as Sir Francis says with such superabundant emphasis, prefer gas to electricity. I never said they did not. The point I made should have been quite clear. I mentioned some hotels and restaurants which use electric cooking, including the Kit Kat. Sir Francis does not deny that these places do use electric cookers. Why accuse me of misrepresentation? Why say that the Kit Kat also uses five and a half million cubic feet of gas: it can use five and a half billion feet, for all I care. Finally, I must say that I am surprised at Sir Francis's concluding paragraph, which seems to me to convey a disagreeable suggestion. Perhaps he will accept my statement that I am not 'the literary ally' of the electrical or any other industry, neither have I anything to do with "insidious State-aided propaganda"—if he meant to imply that, which I doubt. However, he and I will probably agree that this correspondence is in need of refrigeration, gas-operated or otherwise." This correspondence is now closed.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

UNOFFICIAL PROMOTION OF LAW AMONG NATIONS

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—When the League of Nations came into being there was a widespread impression that private societies and associations for the promotion of international amity, arbitration, and peace would lose their significance. The new machinery for the same object was on such a scale that similar efforts of private enterprise seemed supererogation.

Will you allow me the hospitality of your columns to show how mistaken that widespread impression has turned out to be? In doing so, I may say that I do not share the pessimistic opinion of those who have expressed their disappointment concerning the League's failure to fulfil what has been called its main purpose—*viz.*, simultaneous disarmament and the repression in common of any attempt to disturb international peace. This sense of failure is, I think, most unjust. The League is doing work in every department of human activity where the common interest of mankind is concerned, thus spreading among nations a greater comprehension of the value of co-operation for social, economic, and moral betterment.

The result has been that instead of superseding private efforts the League has stimulated them to still greater activity than ever. This is shown by the concurrent existence of some sixty such bodies centralized in Geneva itself.

My more immediate object in this letter, however, is to call attention to the fact that the creation of the Permanent International Court at The Hague and the acceptance of its jurisdiction by the leading States of the world has given an impetus to the two great associations of jurists on whose work it is bound to rely for guidance in the development of its

jurisprudence. These two great bodies are the Institute of International Law and the International Law Association.

As I gave them their public baptism as special correspondent of the *Times* at their first scientific gathering at The Hague fifty-five years ago, I take a sort of paternal interest in them. Both are now still more active then ever in preparing the Codification of the Law of Nations.

The session which was recently held in New York of the International Law Association recalls the fact that that now essentially European body came first into existence in America. It was founded under the rather cumbrous name of "Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations," with the Hon. David Dudley Field as chairman, and the Rev. Dr. Miles, of Boston (Mass.), as Hon. Secretary.

David Dudley Field had been all his professional life a champion of codification of Domestic Law, and he was the first in 1866 to take up the cause of placing international law, by consent of nations, on the firm basis of a code. It was his draft code that led not only directly to the foundation of the Association but also largely promoted the creation of the Institute of International Law founded by the distinguished Belgian statesman and jurist, Gustav Rolin Jacquemyns, simultaneously at Ghent. In 1875 David Dudley Field presided at the meeting of the Association, and Professor Bluntschli, one of the fathers of modern international jurisprudence, over the other.

In the 'eighties the association changed its name to International Law Association. It met this year again in America. The Institute met in New York last autumn, and thus the two bodies are showing their appreciation of what the law of nations owes to its American championship.

The association is famous throughout the shipping world for the York Antwerp Rules on General Average, but it has done other fine work, and many of the clauses it has suggested are finding their way into currency.

I venture to suggest to the Nobel Committee that they might do worse than take the merit of the association into consideration for one of its prizes, as they did some years ago the Institute.

In conclusion, it is seen that there is an immense activity outside the League itself for the promotion of its object, and that this non-official co-operation with it in the work of making war an anachronism is an answer to the pessimism of the critics of the League. I am, Sir, &c.,

Paris. THOMAS BARCLAY.

"SPORTSMAN"

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—It is generally admitted that in the course of time certain words in the English language change—or at any rate modify—their meaning, whilst other words gradually become obsolete.

Any reader of literature which dates back to the early part of the last century comes upon many such instances, and the change in the meaning of words still persists at the present day. There is no doubt that the word "sportsman" is passing through such a period of modification. Many of us remember the time when the term almost invariably referred to the man whose chief pleasure consisted in the taking of animal life, especially those who were accustomed to take an active part in some of the well-known hunts—a "fine sportsman" or a "good old sportsman" were expressions frequently used in this connexion.

However, in recent times the word is much more used than formerly to denote those who are participators, or who are interested in our national games, or in other athletic pastimes, where skill, courage, and endurance are necessary factors. As an indication of this more general use we may refer to a recent statement in the *Times*, headed, "An Invitation to British Sportsmen" from Argentina. This referred solely to contests in games.

A third meaning of the term "sportsman" refers to the character of the person. It is universally understood that in this sense the word is used to describe the man who will not under any circumstances take unfair advantage of others, and will cheerfully accept risks, and always "play the game," though he may not be a "sportsman" in either sense of the word to which allusion has been made.

Now I think it must be granted that there are at the present time too many—and quite different—meanings attached to this word. It is certainly most unlikely that there will be any modification in the meaning of the word when it is used to denote either the man who is interested in real sports—our national games, &c.—or the man who is willing to risk his own interests for the advantage of others. Can it be truly said, on the other hand, that the same word is rightly applicable to the man whose pastime consists in the slaughter of defenceless creatures, especially where we bear in mind that the greatest suffering and distress are far too often inflicted on the animal struggling in its last futile efforts to escape?

The truth is that the outlook of the man who is so absorbed by the pleasure of the chase that he ignores the animals' sufferings, and the outlook of the man who is ready to sacrifice himself to save suffering to man or beast, are in absolute antithesis. There is really nothing in common between them, and, indeed, it seems somewhat of a paradox that this same term "sportsman" should be applied to both.

It may be asked what other more suitable term can be applied to the former. This may be a difficult question to answer, and one that may require the help of our etymologists. The word "hunter" may be suggested. There could be no danger of confusion in the use of the term as between man and horse. May we not hope that in the course of a few years this word "sportsman" will no longer be used to denote those whose outlook is so entirely different?—I am, Sir, &c.,

NORMAN GRAHAM.

Compton, near Guildford, Surrey.

IMPRISONED BIRDS

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—The article in the *Spectator* of November 22nd, on "Imprisoned Birds," by Lord Howard of Penrith, brings to mind that a knowledge of the truth of this matter was expressed by Chaucer in *The Manciple's Tale* more than 500 years ago. It runs as follows:

> "Tak any brid, and put it in a cage,
> And do al thyn entente, and thy corage
> To fostre it tendrely with mete and drinke,
> Of alle deynteer that thou canst bethinke,
> And kepe it al so clenly as thou may;
> Al-though his cage of gold be never so gay,
> Yet hath this brid, by twenty thousand fold,
> Lever in a forest, that is rude and cold,
> Gon ete wormes and swich wretchedness.
> For ever this brid wol doon his bisinesse
> To escape out of his cage, if he may:
> His liberty this brid desireth ay."

Then on reading what Lord Howard says about watching the flight of birds as "something indescribably exhilarating"—one recalls the vivid words on this subject by the late Poet Laureate in his last work *The Testament of Beauty*.

> "Birds are of all animals the nearest to men for that they take delight in both music and dance, and gracefully schooling leisure to enliven life wer the earlier artists: moreover in their airy flight (which in its swiftness symboleth man's soaring thought) they hav no rival but man, and easily surpass in their free voyaging his most desperate daring, altho' he hath fed and sped his ocean-ships with fire."

I am, Sir, &c., MARY F. SADLER.

Northiam, Sussex.

HOSPITAL LIBRARIES

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—During the Public Health Congress which was held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, during the third week in November, there was a meeting on the Red Cross and Order of St. John Hospital Library. It was worthy of publicity in that statements were made by men and women well known in medical and nursing circles which are of interest and importance to the ordinary citizen, as well as to hospital authorities. There should be adequate recognition of the need in every hospital of a library for patients run by a librarian who has some training, or, at least, a knowledge of the books. Until this need is fulfilled, hospital patients will be worse off in this respect than prisoners and sailors, and than workers in agricultural districts, and factory workers. In giving strong support to these statements, Mr. Eason, Superintendent of Guy's Hospital, stressed the urgent need for the distribution of books by distributors who have a knowledge of the mentality of the patients, and who are outsiders, *i.e.*, not of the staff.

To-day the position of the hospital library service in this

country is both interesting and important. Over 2,000 hospitals of all kinds are receiving gifts of books, freely given by the public, from the Red Cross and Order of St. John Hospital Library; but that can hardly be called a library service which organizes, whenever possible, a hospital library run by a voluntary librarian, and distributed individually.

Two points, therefore, invite attention: first, the suggestion, and probably the gradual growth of a hospital library service organized locally, though radiating from and co-operating with the central Hospital Library. Secondly, the constant need for books of all kinds, and in good condition, for adults and children, on the part of the central Hospital Library (for which empty sacks can be supplied).—I am, Sir, &c., MARJORIE E. ROBERTS (Organizing Secretary).

THE HOSPITAL SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Has not the time arrived when the principles and practice of the Hospital Savings Association be applied to every Hospital in the country with (say) fifty beds or over, and not only in London or large cities?

As a one-time member of our local Hospital Management Committee, I have an intimate acquaintance with the difficulties which are ever present to obtain money by which to carry on the work and also keep up with the advances in medical and surgical appliances. With an organization to hand why should it be less desirable to provide by a co-operative effort against the expenses involved by serious illness which takes the patient out of his or her house for treatment, than to insure one's house against fire?

If a small weekly subscription (3d. per week) was made by every adult whose income was below agreed limits within the area served by the Hospital the financial question would be reduced to comparatively simple dimensions, and the humiliating antics that have now to be resorted to to obtain money would be made away with.

I venture to think voluntary subscriptions would not suffer to any serious extent, and if those eligible to subscribe to the H.S.A. fund omitted to do so, they should be made to pay substantially if they were unfortunate enough to have to come into the hospital, to which no reasonable objection could be made if they had deliberately neglected to avail themselves of the opportunity, once it had been provided.

I submit the time must shortly come when accommodation will have to be provided for everybody who needs medical or surgical treatment outside their own houses, with, of course, proportionate charges for private pay wards. It is an anomaly that on the one hand we boast that our local hospital is equipped second to no other provincial hospital in the country, and yet its services are restricted (outside cases of accident) to those whom a small *coterie* of medical men may permit to benefit therefrom. For instance, if anyone needs X-ray treatment, why should they have to go to London with all the attendant expense, while our local hospital X-ray may be standing still at our very door? The same can be said of massage with its modern appliances.—I am, Sir, &c., E. W. BOWYER.

Redhill.

DOMESTIC SERVICE AND NURSING

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—It seems a curious survival of snobbery and one that militates against two honourable vocations, that when selecting candidates for hospital nursing service those who have had some experience in domestic service are told that, if they enter this on their application forms, they will not be accepted.

At two hospitals lately candidates I have been interested in have been so warned.

There appears to be no discrimination against, say, typists or clerks. Now it is obvious that an intelligent girl who has had some experience in the all-round training of domestic work would be infinitely more likely to be useful in nursing than one who has had only the more mechanical employment of the ordinary typist or shop assistant. Will hospital authorities take note and give instructions accordingly?—I am, Sir, &c., (MRS.) R. GILCHRIST THOMPSON.

Hayes Rectory, Kent.

POINTS FROM LETTERS

THE GREAT CRESTED GREBE.

During 1930 we have attempted to make a survey of the Great Crested Grebe throughout England, Scotland and Wales. Observers in many districts have sent us a great deal of most valuable information. There are still, however, many areas concerning which we have little or no data. We would, therefore, ask all those who have any notes on the Great Crested Grebe, whether for 1930 or previous years, to communicate with us as soon as possible.—T. H. HARRISSON, Pembroke College, Cambridge; P. A. D. HOLLOM, Birchfield, Addlestone, Surrey.

WILD BIRDS IN LONDON.

Walking in Regents Park last Sunday I saw a lapwing wheeling and diving in the air over the football fields in the park, which were then largely a churned-up mass of mud and water. This is the first time I have seen this bird in one of the London parks during a residence of more than forty years.—W. M. CROOK, Devonshire Club, St. James's Street, S.W. 1.

"HUMBUG."

Mr. Thomas was certainly tactless in calling the Canadian offers of preference "humbug," and will no doubt do penance in a white sheet (or go). But looking at it in the cold light of reason, was there not a certain amount of insincerity *on both sides*?—call it what you will. The Canadian offer, which did not *lower the duty* against any British manufacture, was, of course, only a simulacrum of a "preference." And on the other side, our object being to keep out *all* outside wheat, to enable our farmers to resurrect their industry, the "preferences" could only apply temporarily and partially, while they were working up to it. Here, again, the preferences might keep out foreign wheat, but could not let in Dominion wheat to any great extent without keeping back our home production. Is that not so?—F. R. BAGLEY.

MOORFIELDS EYE HOSPITAL.

This Christmastide finds "Moorfields," the foremost eye hospital in the country, in need of another operating theatre, and it occurs to me that many of your readers who are appreciative of the gift of sight might take this opportunity of helping "Moorfields" were the need made known to them. I shall be grateful, therefore, if you can publish this letter in your columns.—THEODORE W. LULING, Chairman, Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital (Moorfields Eye Hospital), City Road, London, E.C. 1.

A Hundred Years Ago

THE "SPECTATOR," DECEMBER 11TH, 1830.

THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

Lord Wynford's motion for referring the consideration of the state of the country to a select committee, was debated in the House of Lords on Thursday.

Lord Radnor said, if he had a seat in the other House, where he had long possessed one, he would move an inquiry, but unquestionably not such an inquiry as that meditated by Lord Wynford.

"I should most probably vote for"—said his Lordship,—"not a committee with respect to reform, for that would be unnecessary—but for the impeachment of the members of the late Government, who went out of office leaving the country in the most perilous condition—in a state verging on the actual dissolution of society, and that, too, without being visited by the vengeance of an insulted country."

Under the circumstances in which the Ministers were placed, hardly yet set down in their places, it would be most unfair and unreasonable, by consenting to the motion of Lord Wynford, to cast an undeserved imputation on their sincerity. If, after they had had time to deliberate on the distresses and difficulties of the country, they did not come forward with some plan of alleviation, it would then be time to compel their attention to that sacred duty. He concluded by drawing a powerful picture of the condition of the country, which the ministry were called on to consider.

The social arrangements of society were every day dissolving: the links which knit together the different orders of the state were loosened, and dropping from their hold. The framework of the constitution was tumbling in pieces—"the whole head was sick and the whole heart faint; from the sole of the foot even to the head there was no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores, that had not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment."

Late Afternoon

THE rain comes down, gray curtains coldly drawn
By Autumn fingers on the weeping hill;
Mist, like a weasel, lurks about the lawn;
The garden drips, disconsolate and chill.

And in the room, like rabbits in a hole,
Men fortify their little hearts with fire,
And rub their knees, and chatter to the coal
Their monotone and burden of desire.

L. A. G. STRONG.

Kangchenjunga

The Kangchenjunga Adventure. By F. S. Smythe. (Gollancz. 16s.)

THE view of Kangchenjunga from Darjiling is acknowledged to be one of the great sights of the world. From every country people make their pilgrimage to it and depart impressed for life. Far aloft in the very skies the Creator has set a vision of utter purity, unto which men are constrained to lift up their eyes. And austerely pure as the vision is, there is in it also the subtlest delicacy of feeling. In the evening, as in the morning, the whiteness of the everlasting snows is suffused with the most delicate tints of rose and primrose and shaded with the faintest trace of violet; all is set against a sky with which only the forget-me-not can compare, and the whole raised so far above our ordinary humdrum world that we can scarce believe it is in truth a part of earth.

This is the vision which so uplifts the souls of men that once seen they are the better for it all their lives. Always they aspire to something pure and lovely above the murk and mud of life, while a rare few are attracted to its very summit. And the result of such attraction this book records.

For thousands of years men have gazed at it from a respectful distance and none have dared to venture on the mountain. But now men feel her drawing them to her topmost pinnacle. They know the dangers they will run in closing with her. They know that they can scarcely live in the rare air which surrounds her summit. They know of the vicious winds which tear across her face, of the blinding snow which may smother them, and of cruel ice-avalanches which may grind them to powder. They know, too, of sheer precipices of rock and ice which may utterly bar their way at the very climax of their hopes. But these dangers, instead of deterring men, are the very things which attract them. If they could reach the summit as easily as they could get to Darjiling what joy would there be in attaining it? It is only because of the dangers which have to be faced and the difficulties that have to be overcome that the attainment of the summit is worth while. They are also dimly aware that it is only those who have themselves grimly wrestled with great mountains who can appreciate the full glory of their beauty. And so they are drawn on.

The first really serious and properly organized assault on Kangchenjunga was made by Bavarians under the leadership of Dr. Bauer in the autumn of 1929. The Everest Expeditions had drawn the attention of the world to the Himalaya; and Norton, without the use of oxygen, had reached a height on Everest of 28,100 feet—only a few feet short of the altitude of Kangchenjunga. The effects of altitude alone need not therefore prevent the Bavarians reaching the summit. And they made as skilful and determined an attempt as any human beings could well make. Using to the full every device of mountain-craft and every improvement in mountain equipment, dispensing with tents and hacking out caves in the ice as shelters for the night they attained a height of 24,272 feet and believed they had the summit well within their grasp when smothering snow fell upon them and forced them to desist.

So things stood when Dr. Dyhrenfurth in 1930 brought his international expedition to make an equally determined attempt to reach the summit. And Mr. Smythe's description of their experience reads almost like a nightmare. Time after time one feels inclined to beg these men to desist. The odds against them are too great. With all the warnings of the losses on Everest, and losses on Kangchenjunga, and of the narrow escape of Dr. Bauer's party, and with the ocular evidence there before them of the mighty scale of Himalayan precipices, ice-cliffs, storms, and avalanches how can they dare to go on? Yet on they went till an avalanche—not of snow but of ice—nearly buried the whole party and did, indeed, bury that gallant porter Chetan, a splendid representative of those brave native mountaineers who here as on Everest and as on other Himalayan peaks have devotedly followed the European wherever he has given them the lead.

Wisely the party did at last recognize defeat. And they might well have returned to the comforts of Darjiling. But, no. True they must bide their time and more favourable opportunity for a further attack on Kangchenjunga itself. But they might—and they did—climb a lesser giant, the Jonsong Peak, 24,344 feet in height. And with this Mr. Smythe closes a narrative tense with the freshness of a deed just done. Not even the records of the Everest Expeditions contain examples of more consummate mountaineering skill, of sterner determination and of more undaunted courage. And if we must agree with him that it will be long before man stands on the summit of Kangchenjunga we may also be sure that the experience gained on expeditions like this will make many a lesser giant accessible.

Man will never stop till he has won his way to the very heart of the Himalaya so irresistible is her attraction. And the nearer he gets to her heart the more beauty will he see on her face.

And with each success man's spirit will increase until he no longer regards himself as insignificant in comparison with great mountains but as having within himself something greater still. FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND.

The "Little Doctor"

Dr. Barnardo. By Wesley Bready. (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

THE average Englishman as apart from Scotsmen and Irishmen is very suspicious of religious profession. Punctual attendance at Church on Sunday arouses no criticism. Any less conventional confession of piety can only be excused by very notable good works. Once these are proved a man may talk as he likes. His religion may even come to be considered as an ornament to his conduct. When Jeremy Bentham rather cynically said "If to be an anti-slavist is to be a 'saint,' then sainthood for me, I am a 'saint,'" his satire was profoundly English. In the cause of righteousness he was even willing to be mistaken for a spiritual man! The Englishman inclines to think that speech should come out of the shallows of the heart, not out of its fullness.

The great evangelist Barnardo—and how great he was people are only now beginning to realize—was always talking of religion. Indoors and out, to friends and to strangers, to the educated and the ignorant, he sought occasion to pour out his heart. He was, however, very far from a typical Englishman: "I am a little bit of all sorts," he said. His family hailed originally from Alexandria, whence they removed to Spain "changing their Hebrew name to its Spanish equivalent." A Moorish admixture here modified the Jewish blood. Later they migrated to Italy, then to Hamburg, finally to Dublin, where Dr. Barnardo's father, already an office bearer in a Christian Church, married a Quaker. By "birth and rebirth," therefore, the famous little doctor was an evangelical, but during his later school days the bookish, artistic and precocious boy became a blatant little sceptic, going through the ceremony of confirmation as a matter of form, his mouth full of Voltaire and Rousseau. When he was still only sixteen he attended a revivalist meeting at the house of Thomas Fry, apparently to please his brother. Here, according to his own account, he behaved as "badly as a cheeky young fellow can," nevertheless, he felt moved to go to another meeting. This time the amazing experience known as conversion happened to him. "Conviction of error pierced his soul." He spent the night "in great agony of heart," but even before the sun rose in the morning "light broke." This crisis in his life came five weeks before his seventeenth birthday, and thenceforward till he died at sixty, without ever looking back, he was an evangelist. Incidentally, he became a great philanthropist.

As a medical student in London he found time to preach in the streets, in public houses, in schoolrooms, anywhere, in fact, "reasoning of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." His audience was a low one, sometimes he was listened to with attention; constantly he was rebuffed and insulted, on one occasion he was nearly killed. His hearers rose against him. They placed a table upon him with its legs

up, and danced on it. He was taken out unconscious, bruised from head to foot, and his ribs broken. He was ill for six weeks but he stoutly refused to prosecute. "I began with the Gospel and I won't end with the law," he said. On another occasion the hooligans of the period who were known as "bruisers" arranged to break up his meeting and rough-handle him as before. But the leader of the gang recognized in the preacher the young man who had nursed night and day in the recent cholera epidemic and he kept his lads in leash. The speaker had earned his right to be a Christian in the eyes of this London savage! Very soon after the same experience overtook the hooligan as had overtaken the highly civilized boy with his Jewish and Moorish and Quaker blood, his bookish impudence, and his Voltairian convictions. "The direct gift of faith" is by some considered to be a proved psychological fact. It is rare, but it might become common. Perhaps there is no one safe from the onslaught of sudden salvation, though if one may smile upon a serious subject we can all think of many distinguished men of to-day whose position would seem impregnable!

One of the most striking scenes in this thrilling biography represents a dinner party at Lord Shaftesbury's. The great man had heard of Barnardo and invited him. The little man was not shy. He talked nineteen to the dozen of the wild children of London, of the "lays" where homeless, half-starved boys slept at night huddled together for warmth, in yards, on roofs and under bridges, earning, begging or stealing their food in the day time as they could. He said their haunts had been shown to him by a little fellow who looked seven, and was ten, and who had begged a shelter of him on a bad night. The company was disinclined to believe him, he was too voluble. His host suggested that he should take the men of the party to one of the "lays" that very night. They all went off together and Barnardo showed them seventy boys. Even Lord Shaftesbury was dumbfounded.

The workhouse system of the day had failed so far as destitute children were concerned. It turned out automata, often automatic criminals. Barnardo loved the outcast London children with a kind of passion. They delighted and they amused him. He was actually more amused than angry when one day on opening his mouth to pray among a group of them, a filthy little hand, whipped round from behind him, and stopped his mouth with a lump of mud as large as an egg! His own sense of humour, greatly extolled in this book, but ill proved by illustration, was by all accounts somewhat pranky. It broke his heart to see these children without religion, without love, without health. His first efforts at reclamation did not satisfy him. One night he had a dream in which the scriptural words "I will set the solitary in families" recurred to his memory. He "took it for a sign." The result of the dream was Dr. Barnardo's Homes a colony of children living in cottages, amid gardens under the rule of "mothers," both boys and girls in childhood, acknowledging "mother" as a final authority. Later on, the boys were taught trades and the girls household management. He made special arrangements for artistic children. The flower of the flock were settled in Canada—where 98 per cent. made good. He asked money of those who believed they had a religious duty to their wealth or their wages and "the Lord's Stewards" supplied it in tens of thousands. An attempt to show him up for a sanctimonious man of cunning self-interest resulted in the "showing-up" of his complete self-sacrifice and genius for organization. His mistakes, which made a great stir at the time, arose from the autocratic temperament which led him to defy the law. He profited by them, accepted correction and got his judges to serve on his committees. Before his death Governments looked to him as an adviser, and his methods served as models for reform in the maintenance of the children of the State, and do still serve.

Of more interest than the details of his accomplishment is the study of the man and the dynamic force which began to play within him before he was seventeen. His personality did not altogether change. He remained a great reader, though he could only find time for reading at night, and a keen musician. His philanthropy did not institutionalize its objects. It is more remarkable that it did not institutionalize him. He remained as pitiful, as affectionate, even as impulsive, as though he had never heard of the organization of charity. The greatest sorrow of his life was the death of a little son—as he stood beside the child's flower-covered grave on the day of the funeral he noticed a very poor woman crying by another little new grave which was quite bare. He took up an armful of the flowers and carried them to her saying "from my child to yours."

The portrait of the "little doctor" (the face suggests a very small man) here reproduced is peculiarly interesting. The lines of the face are commonplace, the expression is eager, ardent, intimate, and instinct with energy—almost aggressively so. Is it imagination which makes us think that one can still trace "the cheeky boy"?

Mr. Shaw on Democracy

The Apple Cart: A Political Extravaganza. By Bernard Shaw. (Constable. 5s.)

THE new Shaw preface has been expected with a combative curiosity from China to Peru. Democrats and Socialists, who often oddly consider themselves to belong to the same political family, have been rolling up their sleeves for the big fight. There have already been skirmishes; partly in consequence of certain pungent public remarks from Mr. Shaw, such as his "we are all sick of democracy," and his defence of post-War dictatorships; partly on account of *The Apple Cart* itself—the play, with its copious discussions.

Was it not prohibited in Dresden as "a blasphemy against democracy?" Have not eminent Socialists taken sorrowful leave of Comrade Shaw? The fiercer amongst them called him betrayer; the milder attenuated his alleged apostasy by reference to his *esprit de contradiction*, his notorious inability to agree with anyone who agrees with him, and his habit of appearing to desert any cause that shows a sign of being successful. Then (in October, 1929) came a broadcast address from Mr. Shaw in person. It explained everything with the utmost lucidity. It is here reprinted.

After bright comparisons of democracy to a balloon and to the sea, which is sometimes furiously violent, always dangerous and treacherous, and is trusted least by those who are most familiar with it, the wireless lecturer passed to his text, which was Lincoln's Gettysburg oration and its definition of democracy as Government *of* the people *for* the people *by* the people.

Of the people—certainly: human communities must have Governments. *For* the people—yes: even Dean Inge thinks so, and that is why Mr. Shaw insists upon equality of income, since "equal consideration for a person with a hundred a year and one with a hundred thousand is impossible." Remains Government *by* the people—the obvious impossibility, as Taine showed long ago in a brilliant analysis of French revolutionary procedure. We cannot all forty

millions of us—be in the streets and fields shouting, voting, electing; then perpetually tugging our representatives by their sleeves. What then? Government by consent? Whose consent? The amended word, the phrase, takes us no farther than the rejected one. As individuals, none of us wants to be governed. We want to be let alone, untaxed, though we might "consent" to pay something, if our total agreement were ascertained for every political measure proposed. At present we depend on the Civil Service and on periodic votes. "If this is democracy who can blame Signor Mussolini for describing it as a putrefying corpse?"

What is to be done? Reformers are strong on the destructive or critical, weak on the constructive, side. Mr. Shaw is no exception. After playing with the idea of mechanical, mental tests for candidates, local or central, he reverts to the idea of administrative decentralisation and of co-ordinated federal legislatures—much in the manner of the Webbs' *Socialist Commonwealth*. But all must ultimately depend on the consciences of the governors and the governed, and on the education of generations to come. Democracy recedes, then. Equal incomes for all, too; though they would demand for their permanence an iron rule which nobody could call democratic.

Reading *The Apple Cart* after all this, one is (as usual) struck by the similarity in style between the preface and the major speeches in the play. King Magnus could have "put across" much of that broadcast address. And we are amused to read that Mr. Shaw blames the critics who took his play at its suburban face value by supposing that the polished and crafty King was essentially superior to his ministers. This shows the author's defective sense of purely dramatic values. King Magnus *sounded* superior across the footlights; therefore he *was* so. And he won—provisionally. Therefore he was "hero." Audiences will always be forced to prefer him, as one against many, to the demagogues whom he defeats.

As to Breakages, Ltd., the symbolic and unseen Power behind the demagogues and the throne—the firm of Self-Interest which maintained waste for the sake of lucrative repairs—we hear that it was suggested by the fate of that irascible man of genius, the late Alfred Warwick Gattie, founder of the New Transport Company—a scheme long since submitted to a Commission and therefore, of course, killed. Like Mr. Shaw, I met Gattie, and, believing in his scheme, invested in it—true sign of faith and testimony of admiration. After a large initial outlay it would—some of us thought—have economised annual millions in transport. Breakages, Ltd. would have none of it. It is kind of Mr. Shaw to remember the scheme—so late! One of his provocative pamphlets in its favour while it was alive would better have pleased shareholders. But Mr. Gattie is dead, with his great invention. He is forgotten, too, as a dramatist, author of a play called *The Honourable Member*, which Mr. Shaw, then (1896) a rising rival at the craft, recognized as rich in ideas which lacked "feeling"; so that they must have been rather Shavian. Breakages, Ltd. remain and rule over the "democracy" that doesn't exist. So one may sum up the not very encouraging thesis of *The Apple Cart*—both play and (what is not very different) preface; for a Shaw preface is often as dramatic as the play that follows it.

RICHARD JENNINGS.

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Roosevelt

Roosevelt: His Mind in Action. By Lewis Einstein. (John Murray. 10s. 6d.)
Theodore Roosevelt: The Story of a Friendship. By Owen Wister. (Macmillan. 18s.)

SINCE the ex-President's death eleven years ago, the Roosevelt tradition has grown apace in the United States. Very little that has been written about him can be said to be either objective or, in any true sense of the word, critical. Roosevelt's personality was one that evoked both enthusiasm and dislike, rather than sober commentary. It cannot be said that either of these two books is a final contribution to a just analysis of his character or an ultimate definition of his place in American history. Mr. Wister's book, as its sub-title indicates, is essentially the story of his personal relations with Roosevelt. Mr. Einstein's study is an attempt to weigh his services to the United States and fix the final position that he will occupy among its Presidents. Mr. Einstein is aware of another important factor in Roosevelt's career—the fact that in a great many matters he was always far to the left of the party which he led in his political and social convictions. Roosevelt entered politics as a member of the Republican Party, and the Republican Party in America in the 'eighties was one of the most conservative political organisations in the world. Roosevelt on his entry into politics was a genuine Radical, and his opinions brought him immediately into conflict with the more reactionary elements in his party, a conflict which was destined never wholly to cease until his death. But even this aspect of his career, as Mr. Einstein shows, is balanced by a contradictory factor. Roosevelt throughout most of his life was a great political realist. His political idealism, his discontent with existing conditions in America and the political beliefs of his own party, never blinded him to the practical necessities of politics. He got his political training in the rough school of New York State politics and he never forgot the lessons that he learnt there, although in the later stages of his career Mr. Einstein thinks that his judgment was obscured by a sort of political mysticism. But he learnt the power of the "American political machine" as a very young man and, though he combated certain aspects of it, he never under-estimated it or ignored the fact that in American politics it was impossible to dispense with it.

Roosevelt was far too wise and clear-sighted to have fallen into the not uncommon error of believing that a man could play at party politics in the United States without being a politician. He was a superb politician, one of the best, indeed, that American public life has ever produced, as is proved by the fact that for years he was able to control a party many of whose powerful elements were utterly opposed to him. If his attitude toward political realities was admirably unsentimental, his attitude towards some of the great social questions of his day was not wholly so. For all his astuteness and his grasp of practical issues, the fundamental aspect of some of the problems that he encountered evaded him. Mr. Einstein notes the fact, and it is a valuable one, that Roosevelt was not primarily interested in economic problems. When he entered national politics he avowed his boredom with the

BY APPOINTMENT

The House of Waring

AND ITS ASSOCIATION WITH THE EMPIRE OF

INDIA

IT was soon after Lord Beaconsfield had added the Imperial title to the Crown of England that the House of Waring, with a reputation that already extended to two Continents, was entrusted with the decoration and furnishing of many of the magnificent palaces of the Ruling Princes of India and with the artistic equipment of the great ships that sail to and from the Eastern ports.

THE royal houses of the East, in their spacious grandeur, gave fine opportunity for the highest decorative treatment by English artists, and in the years before the War the House of Waring had the honour of furnishing many of these great houses of India in the English Period styles, adapted to the conditions and requirements of the East.

FROM the earliest steam packets to the modern liner, the great ships that travel to India have been decorated and furnished by Warings, the latest work undertaken in this connection being the new P. & O. boat the 'Viceroy of India'—one of the most splendid ships afloat. The trains, too, that now traverse the tremendous spaces of India have, in great part, been furnished by Warings; two new trains unique in Indian Railway service have been completed for the G.I.P. Railway.

At the new India House for the High Commissioner, in Aldwych, designed by Sir Herbert Baker, A.R.A., the woods used for panelling and decorative treatment are entirely of Indian origin, and the whole of the interior work in connection with this magnificent building has been carried out by the House of Waring.

So extensive are its interests in India that a branch of the House has now been established at Delhi complete with the service of a Decoration Studio of skilful artists and examples of the fine craftsmanship of the Gillow factory at Lancaster.

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whole question of Protection, which had become the most sacred dogma of the Republican Party, and confessed, what he called his own "economic agnosticism." This remained true throughout his life. That superficiality of mind, which went with his versatility, rendered him always impatient of purely economic problems. The personal and the dramatic elements of political events were all-important to Roosevelt, and only too often his pre-occupation with them led him to overlook their fundamental economic aspect. To Roosevelt, who more than any other American statesman succeeded in dramatizing his own individuality, the dramatic side of life was essential, and his own career contained an immense element of it.

Mr. Einstein gives one a real sense of his vitality, his courage, and his indomitable will-power, and if he goes less deeply into aspects of Roosevelt's character which are more subtle and more important, and though one feels that his final estimate of Roosevelt's place in history is at once premature and extravagant, his book remains an excellent and, in many ways, illuminating contribution to the study of Roosevelt's life.

Mr. Wister has written a book of totally different character and of less value. It, of course, does not pretend to be more than personal reminiscences of Mr. Roosevelt: Mr. Wister gives us a sense of Roosevelt's genius for friendship, of that charm which made him beloved not only by his friends but by strangers, and of his extraordinary exuberance and zest for life. Mr. Wister's book contains some very interesting material in the shape of personal letters from Roosevelt, above all, several letters which contain a very outspoken opinion of Roosevelt upon Woodrow Wilson, written during the War. Roosevelt's opinion of Wilson is perhaps more illuminating of Roosevelt himself than of Wilson. He not unnaturally if we remember his own temperament, had an innate repugnance for Wilson, whose whole outlook and policies were entirely incomprehensible to him. In a letter which he wrote to Mr. Wister in 1915, Roosevelt, after denouncing Wilson, compares him with Bryan and Thomas Jefferson, whom he apparently considered to be exactly alike and equally reprehensible! This curious judgment Mr. Wister apparently shares, and, after praising Mr. Wilson very faintly for certain of his policies, he denounces him for his partiality for what Mr. Wister calls "the idle poor" and accuses him of being the champion of anarchists and revolutionaries. Such a verdict upon the didactic and conscious liberalism of Woodrow Wilson is surely as curious as Mr. Roosevelt's bracketing together of Bryan and Thomas Jefferson. As a matter of fact, Mr. Wister's resentment against Wilson, like that of a great many of Roosevelt's devoted adherents, seems to be due to the fact that Mr. Wilson happened to be occupying the White House instead of Mr. Roosevelt—a fact which they were quite unable to forgive.

Mr. Wister gives several examples of Mr. Roosevelt's ability as a conversationist and of his wit, such as his stigmatizing of the Kaiser as "the male *prima donna* of Potsdam." But, after recognizing the fact that his long and intimate friendship with Roosevelt had enabled him to make public some fresh and interesting information about him, his book is no great contribution to the better understanding of either Roosevelt's character or his handling of political problems. In depicting so powerful an individuality as Roosevelt's one could wish Mr. Wister would not employ so "polite" a technique. In Mr. Wister's book the impetuous and intransigent figure of Roosevelt is somehow like a bull in a china shop.

Some Sporting Books

Fox-hunting. By Sir Charles Frederick. (Lonsdale Library. Seeley, Service. 25s.)
Practical Jumping. By Major J. L. M. Barret. (Country Life. 10s. 6d.)
Forrard-On! By Rancher. With drawings by Lionel Edwards. (Country Life. 21s.)
My Hunting Sketch Book. Vol. II. By Lionel Edwards. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.)
Handley Cross. With a preface by Siegfried Sassoon. (Harrap. 42s.).

Lord Lonsdale writes an introduction and dedication to the Prince of Wales for this seventh volume of a library which (as we have said before in these columns) "will do for our youngsters what the Badminton Library did for us."

Without exaggeration or equivocation this is a superb volume: a complete *vade-mecum* for the follower of the sport of kings. The best way to review it would be to give a list of chapter headings, with the names of the experts who contribute; but since that is impossible we can mention only that Colonel Geoffrey Brooke, Mr. Eric Parker, Mr. Isaac Bell, Colonel Borwick, Major Burnaby, Lord Bathurst and last but by no means least Sir Charles Frederick write on their own subjects. Sir Charles is the general editor, and contributes six chapters: in a foreword he explains that he and his colleagues have no desire to lay down the law, but that he hopes that the book will commend itself to the reader "who has no objection to a recapitulation of much that is old and is prepared to welcome some new ideas on the subject of fox-hunting to-day and to-morrow." That it will assuredly do: more, it will become the modern classic of fox-hunting.

Major Barret, who was for four years equitation officer at Sandhurst, had many and varied opportunities to study riding in all its forms, and he has put the result of his experience in a singularly attractive form in *Practical Jumping*. It is, of course, an old-fashioned prejudice that supposes soldiers cannot write: many of them have more sense of style than your Bloomsbury highbrow. A man whose days are spent in the delicate adjustments and balances required to train young horses must acquire a certain poise and flexibility of mind as well as body, and that Major Barret has. His book is all alive, brisk, buoyant, direct, practical. We can imagine no better guide for a youngster who would acquire a good seat and its concomitant—good hands. And good hands on a horse means more than ability to control an excitable thoroughbred or a jady sluggard: horses and human beings have much in common: and what is learned in the jumping school may be applied to life at large.

Some of "Rancher's" verses are good. He writes for us of those hard-riding heroes who have always been with us, who "rode with turbaned Mamelukes," and "swam their long-maned favourite in the surf of Samothrace." His verses, however, are somewhat unequal in merit, but Mr. Edwards' pencil sketches have a most lyrical quality.

What a glorious life must be Mr. Lionel Edwards', and how rich his memories of English and Irish covert-sides! In the second volume of his *Hunting Sketch Book* he gives us forty plates, together with the comments of his well-stored mind, describing the Bucceleuch, Pytchley, Belvoir, Meath, Quorn, Bedale, &c., &c. A very interesting preface deals with a point of importance to those engaged in creative work (and not only to those of the brush and pencil) namely, the difference between a sketch and a study of events. "That our eyes do not really perceive is daily thrust upon the notice of the artist," writes Mr. Edwards. Yet spontaneity and freshness are lost as accuracy is increased. That, of course, is the problem of all art; how to select saliencies without exaggeration, and render truth without distortion. Mr. Edwards speaks with authority on the subject: in his own field he is pre-eminent, and this volume will add to his already great reputation.

What gorgeous nonsense is the correspondence between Jorrocks and Doleful concerning the mastership of the Handley Cross hounds! Doleful sends an analysis of the waters, a description of Diana Lodge, with its mahogany tables with claw-feet castors, Turkey carpets, and garden in which Gabriel Junks struts. Jorrocks replies from Great Coram Street demanding information about the country, subscriptions, number and age of the pack. "Did you ever hunt a bagman?" he concludes, "write me fully, freely, fairly, frankly." *Handley Cross* is an ideal bedside volume, and Messrs. Harrap's limited edition, with a preface by Mr. Siegfried Sassoon will be welcomed, not only by sportsmen, but by the large and increasing number of Surtees admirers. Mr. Sassoon's preface is a slight affair, but discerning, as is all his writing. What could be better than his summing up?: "We know that Jorrocks has the breath of life in him. We know, too, that he is something more than a great comic character, recognizing in him the compendium of much that is universal in lovable human nature. Immortal Jorrocks! The phrase is proverbial, but we write it with a glow of gratitude—envying those who have yet to read this book for the first time."

THE SOUTH AFRICAN HOLIDAY

A noted medical authority, writing recently of sea-voyaging, as the true antidote of city life, described it as a rhythm of living, of eating and of sleeping, which in turn induces a rhythm of thinking. There is a monotony in ocean travel which may oppress at first but later heals and soothes. The restful influence of ocean horizons and the invigorating effects of sea air, day after day, replenish mind and body alike.

It is these benefits of sea-voyaging that have helped to bring the South African Holiday into such general favour, but the ocean trip is merely a prelude to the fuller change of climate, scenes and interests in this Dominion of sunshine, health and happiness.

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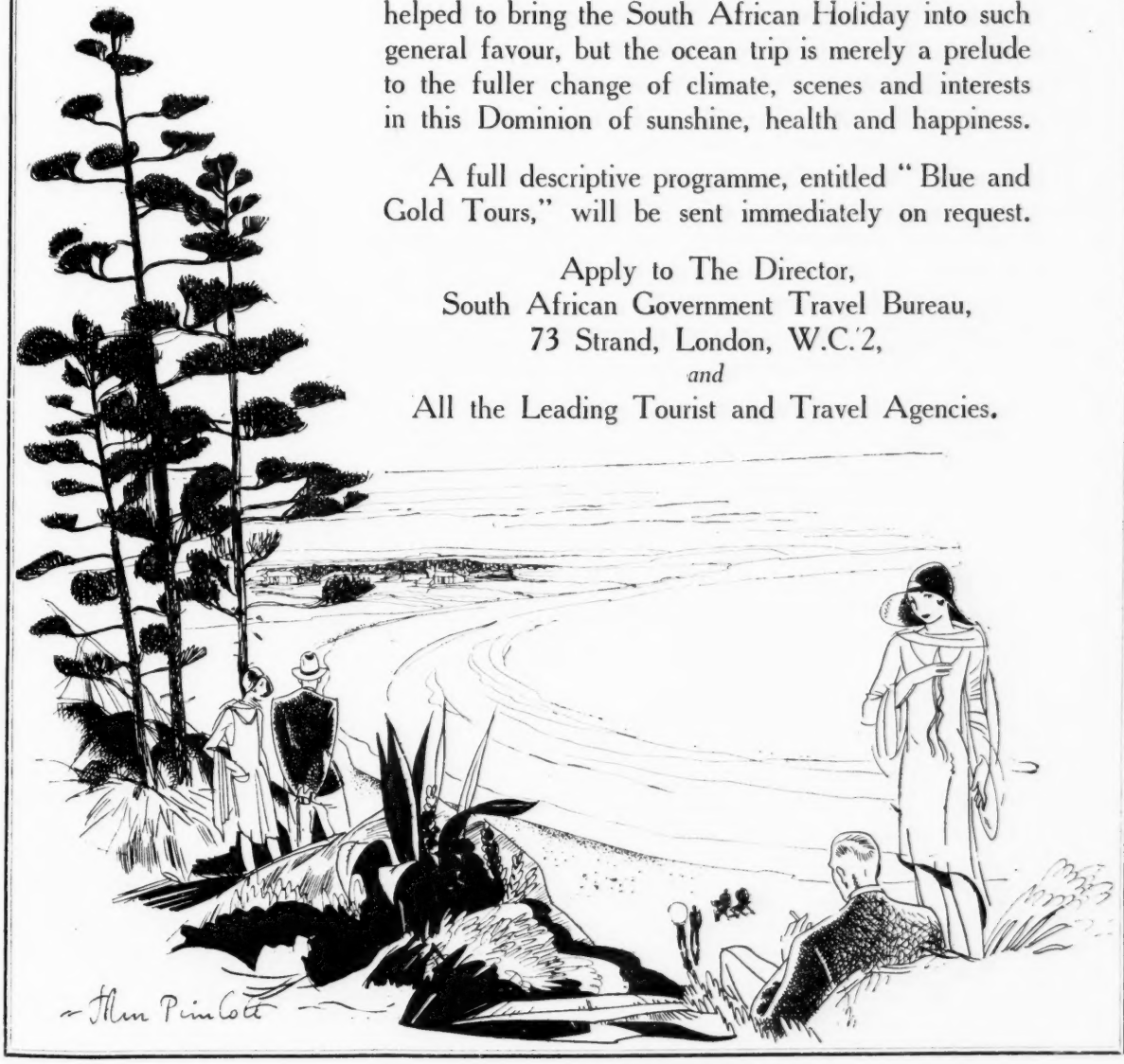

The Translation of John Sebastian

John Sebastian Bach. By Rutland Boughton. (Kegan Paul, 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Rutland Boughton brings to his study of John Sebastian Bach a sincerity so clear and a concentration so intense that the reading of it has been (for me) a close and continuous debate. "For me," because I found myself resisting his arguments at almost every point, at the same time realizing that I must pay tribute to one whose reading is wide, even if dispersed, and who here has the immense advantage of writing as a composer about a composer.

Perhaps it was instinctive musicianship that led him to adopt for this book (which is the latest addition to the Masters of Music series) a musical form of development. The rondo method serves his purpose admirably. First he announces his main theme, which in brief is this: Bach's music was the result of a spiritual conflict, of a struggle between his inner religious conviction and the environment of an anti-Christian society. Then he makes a series of illuminating excursions into Bach's life and works, and returns each time to reiterate the theme with a new force. The procedure should be convincing; but instead of being cumulative it produces on me the effect of vain repetition, in the first place because I do not like the accents and phrasing of the initial theme, and in the second place because the author has failed to build a secure enough bridge between musical evidence and sociological assumption. At one point he is admitting that music, of all the arts, is furthest removed from the world of reality, and at the next, attempting to discover in the figuration of Bach's music a multitude of petty, confined, localized references; and, in order to do this, he must needs resort to the three-fold theory that Bach's music is either direct realism or arbitrary realism or obscure symbolism. Bach authorities have always been at great pains to explain wordily the meaning of this or that figure, recurrence, rhythm, counterpoint or chord. Even *staccato* dots are explained (by Spitta) to be underlining the idea of alertness, and for no better reason than that they coincide with the word "wachen." Professor Sanford Terry objects to such an interpretation as being fantastic. It is more: it is definitely unenlightened and harmful.

That Mr. Boughton, a composer, should have continued the destructive method is quite incomprehensible. He has been compelled, of course, to labour the point on almost every page. Without such labouring, even the most ordinary reader would see the fallacy at once; without it, peradventure even the author himself would have seen it. For example, in discussing the concertos he must needs explain the form that Bach used in terms of the equal rights of man. But this hardly accounts for the slow movement of the Fifth Brandenburg Concerto where the community of strings is silenced and the three soloists have the field entirely to themselves.

The labouring of the point, however, is not so much a surprise as is the fact that a composer should so misrepresent the nature of creation in musical art. This book shows one of the most spontaneous and natural composers of all history to be a kind of Jesuit with a cross-word-puzzle mind. Mr. Boughton's study has been a profound disappointment, for from him, if from anybody, we might have expected a book which insisted upon the central truth that great music, whatever coincidences it might hold, ultimately means nothing except itself. Oh Bach, how thou art translated!

Basil Maine.

Queer Things About Cats

The Cat in the Mysteries of Religion and Magic. By M. Oldfield Howey. (Rider. 15s.) (Reviewed by Tony Puss.)

It is a strange fact that when the human animal tries to make use of the rich literary material which we have to offer him, he always inclines either to the eccentric or the sordid. "The Cat in Witchcraft," "How to Cure Mange": he seldom pauses between these extremes. We do not mind, for if he took to writing about Us the sort of novels that he writes about himself, it is almost certain that the results would be unpurrable. Far better and safer that he should mainly confine himself to Medicine and Superstition; subjects, after all, which are closely akin. Mr. Howey's book leans mainly to the superstitious. It is a wonderful collection of odd tales and foolish notions about us which he has brought together: I will not say to our honour, for though there are some interesting tit-bits, a more judicious selection and a little more effort to distinguish fact from fable would better have served that end. All cats will understand me when I say that the pleasures afforded by this work are those of the dustbin rather than the larder.

There is a lot about the sort of things we may have done in Egypt, where our family history begins. Here we find many pleasing references to the Divine Cat—a most proper term. We go on to the mass of tales (printer, please observe author's spelling) which take their rise from us in the Middle Ages. Most of these are of a regrettable kind: but some would make a cat laugh—a feat which is far less difficult than human beings generally suppose. I am told, however, that I must not quote the funniest bits, especially those about May Kittens.

Finally, the connexion of cats with "psychic science" is dealt with. That we should be adepts at telepathy is no news to anyone who has conveyed without a mew from brain to brain the "pure thought" of a second helping of milk, or the desired opening of a door, but our clairvoyant powers are less generally acknowledged. Here Mr. Howey tells rather an objectionable story of a cat who, seeing the ghost of her late mistress sitting in her old armchair, jumped upon her lap, and fell through. I have heard a variant of this tale before; but always understood that the unfortunate creature concerned in it was a *dog*. Our traditional routine of suspicious sniffs, and thorough testing of skirt or trouser with outstretched claws, protects us from humiliating accidents of this kind. I was also interested in the account of the lady who saw two cats at once; but, having received the Higher Teaching, knew that she was looking at an "astral photograph," and not at the results of inebriation. I am myself occasionally worried by an astral mouse; and when, with the best intentions, I dash behind the curtain, the comments of onlookers betray little knowledge of the Higher Teaching.

Here and there Mr. Howey has deep and neglected truths to impart to the heedless human world. "Cats," he says finely, "symbolize the All." Their nine lives "prove their possession of the Perfect Number." (Did not Dante call Beatrice a Nine? a consoling thought.) Finally, "a coiled cat is the symbol of eternity." This, I may add, is specially true when we suspect that someone is waiting for the chair. But in spite of these occasional sparks of wisdom, this book does not rise to the demands of its great subject. In fact, I feel—as I understand reviewers so often do—that I could have made a better job of it myself. Tony Puss, *p.p.* E. U.

Architects of Character

Fifty Years Against the Stream. By E. D. Tyndale Biscoe. (Wesleyan Methodist Press, Mysore. 5s.)

"A smile and a stick will carry you through most difficulties in this life," says Lord Baden-Powell in his preface to Mr. Biscoe's book about the Church Mission School in Srinagar, Kashmir. "If you need a concrete example," adds the Chief Scout, "you will find it in this story."

At first, in 1880, there was strong opposition to the school among the Brahmins of Srinagar. The boys (there were only five of them) wore large, tight turbans, gold ear-rings and nose-rings, wooden clogs, and a long garment like a nightgown, which inhibited vigorous movement. Mr. Biscoe tried to teach them cricket and football and athletic exercises, but the latter were forbidden by order of the then Maharajah, as being beneath the dignity of Kashmiri pundits. Then in 1891 the policy was changed, and the following principles introduced: (1) compulsory Christian teaching, (2) compulsory games, (3) compulsory swimming, (4) compulsory fees, (5) corporal punishment for misbehaviour. Instead of dwindling in numbers, as the Principal had feared, the membership of the school increased.

The dress of the pupils was reformed. They were taught Western personal hygiene and Western standards of morality. "The parents of the boys," we are told, "are often quite indifferent to the character of their sons: it is no good going to them for help. . . . We have to make a public opinion in our school which shall be different to public opinion in the city. We do this by punishing a boy who is caught in immor-

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ality in such a way that neither he nor the school will forget it. This curing of diseased minds is one of the hardest surgical operations we have to tackle, and we have by no means cut out the disease as yet." All this reads rather oddly in the light of modern psychology; as also do some of the chapter headings: *e.g.*, "Athletics or Shabby Gentility?"—but there is no doubt that Mr. Biscoe is a great headmaster, that his boys love him, and that he has been greatly successful.

It is no small thing that this Church Mission School is doing—nothing less than combining the industry and fidelity of the "twice-born" with the ethics of Christian chivalry. May its work long continue to flourish. There are 500 boys in Srinagar now learning "to play the game": the influence of these lads on the rising generation will be of incalculable benefit not to Kashmir only, but to all India.

Fiction

MASQUERADE. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)—If it were not for the title and for the twin portraits on the wrapper, one might be inclined to regard Mrs. Sidgwick's latest novel as a mystery novel; but, as it is, even the most wilfully obtuse reader could not persuade himself that the Paul who returns to his old home is the Paul who went away from it. It is difficult to understand why the author has so deliberately given her secret away. The Paul who went away did not do so until he had become the father of an illegitimate child and had become engaged to a very unpleasant woman. The Paul who returned, after many years absence, found himself much embarrassed by both of these and by a number of other matters. The only mystery about the affair is, how did the second Paul step into the first Paul's shoes? Mrs. Sidgwick keeps this secret until the end. She has proved again that she can always be relied upon for light entertainment, and even though the characters of her latest book are mostly caricatures they are pleasantly described.

THE MISTED MIRROR. By Henry Daniel-Rops. Translated by R. H. Mottram. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)—Although recently we have been given too many books that begin with stories of adolescents in a muddle, and go on to describe the psychology of young men who try to discover themselves through the medium of amatory adventures, nothing superfluous will be found in M. Daniel-Rops' novel, who has occupied himself with much the same theme. His hero, Blaise Orlier, breaks out of school at night, and is caught while he is returning. That is a common enough beginning, although Blaise's motive was not the usual one, but the sequel is extraordinary. What English head-master would suggest as did the Abbé Lemaire, that perhaps Blaise would "prefer to take the matter to the confessional rather than to treat it as from man to man or between master and pupil"? What English schoolboy dare declare to another master that the Head dare not expel him because of honours gained in an examination? Throughout the whole of this queer and beautiful book we read of ordinary situations that are followed by (to us) most startling results. We see a young Frenchman's attitude to life and women, to religion and his father, in new and yet clear perspective. As Mr. Mottram says in his preface: "If you have a friendly curiosity as to the real texture and build of French character . . . . if you find not a little extraordinary the fact that we do not easily grasp how the French arrive at their philosophy of life, this book may give you some clue to the solution of your perplexities."

RYNOX. By Philip MacDonald. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)—Mr. Philip MacDonald has again supplied his expectant public with an excellent detective story. It is unusual both in its form and in its plot, written more in the style of a Scotland Yard document than in the form of a novel. There is one immense surprise for the reader, and several minor surprises, and it is improbable that anyone will be able to solve its mystery before Mr. MacDonald chooses to diclose it.

THE CORPSE IN CANONICALS. By G. D. H. Cole and M. Cole. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)—Mr. and Mrs. Cole's new detective story is extremely disappointing—at least this reviewer guessed both the mysteries as soon as they came into existence. We have learnt to expect so much from Mr. and Mrs. Cole that it is more than usually disappointing to find a detective story from their pen, the writing of which they cannot have taken very seriously.

TALES FROM FAR AND NEAR. Edited by Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson-Scott. (Appleton. 7s. 6d.)—The collection of stories from all parts of the world here brought together is certainly varied and exciting, even if they do not all reach the same level of literary achievement. The editors have succeeded in selecting examples typical of various countries from whose literature they are taken. In their search for the "lastingly good" they have, perhaps, concentrated too much upon the elementary, or as some would call it the primitive in theme, but there are, of course, exceptions, and many of the tales will serve well as an introduction to little known authors or literatures.

PHILIPPA. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)—Miss Sedgwick has written a tale full of morals. Aldous Wyntringham deserted Beth his wife for Cosima Brandon, a delicate, wealthy and querelous widow with a past. Cosima was obliged to consolidate her conquest by taking Philippa, Aldous' daughter whom he adored, into their *ménage*. Philippa, still in her teens, was the embodiment of wiles and crafts. Realizing that fundamentally her father loved her better than Cosima, she used her discovery to good advantage and gradually forced Cosima into such an invidious position that when, after many scenes, she announced she was departing for good, Aldous made no effort to detain her. Divorced for the second time, he set up house with Philippa, only to find happiness with his beloved daughter was an illusion. Young-old, cynical, clever, scheming, strong-minded Philippa was not proof against love at first sight! It is a pity that the story is seen only through the eyes of the stupid, faithful Beth, her disapproving mother, Cosima (a dowdy vampire) and Philippa. Aldous is scarcely given an opportunity to state his case which, in view of the unspeakable tiresomeness of the other characters (who have Miss Sedgwick's sympathy) must have been much stronger than she allows.

THE OPEN SECRET. By Oliver Onions. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)—The warfare of Communist and anti-Communist secret organizations and the way in which they press upon and distort the lives of normal people is a theme which provides at least an ingenious plot. This Mr. Onions provides and handles with some skill. His description and dialogue are witty and well observed, but unfortunately all is lost upon the rather wooden characters, stock types which cannot gain our sympathy. At the same time, though it cannot be treated as a serious work, the story is rather better than the ordinary thriller..

JEWS WITHOUT MONEY. By Michael Gold. (Noel Douglas. 7s. 6d.)—A good book about a people not one's own makes one feel for the time as if one belonged to them. A great book makes it seem a privilege to belong to them. The reader sits back, ashamed that he is not a Russian, or a German, or a Jew. However we rate Mr. Gold's novel, it cannot be said that he makes us anxious to be of its world.

> "These impressions sank into my heart, as in my bad dreams during the hot Summer nights, dark Christian ogres, the size of tenements, moved all around me. They sat on my chest, and clutched my throat with slimy remorseless fingers, shrieking, 'Jew! Jew! Jew!'"

In like manner, when Mr. Gold is at his most persuasive, we shrink from the implied accusation. It is not at all pleasant, he makes clear, to be a Jew without money in the slums of New York. He tells a vigorous tale of poverty, prostitution, street accidents, heroism, and the rest, a little too well stocked with character parts. "'But how we scratched their faces,' she chuckled grimly; 'They will remember us girls.'" One will remember the book like that—but only for as long as the scratches last.

General Knowledge Questions

OUR weekly prize of one guinea for the best thirteen Questions submitted is awarded this week to the Rev. A. R. Marriott, The Vicarage, Newtown Linford, Leicester, for the following:—

Questions on The Wisdom of Youth

1. What young man proved cleverer in argument than three greybeards?
2. What youth was admitted into the counsel of God while his teacher was excluded?
3. What young man gave wise advice to a king whereby the king made a great fortune?
4. What young man proved himself wiser than a king in the science of dietetics?
5. What young Reformer started his reformation at home?
6. What young man learned much of his religion by studying the stars?
7. What other young man found the quiet of the countryside helpful to his religious life?
8. Which two young men tried to rouse the ardour of a nation after it had been damped by ten of their companions?
9. What young man showed himself wiser than his elder brother in his method of worship?
10. What young man turned his gift of craftiness, inherited from his mother, against his brother?
11. What young man had his outlook on life changed by the tragic end of his king?
12. What young man received the cloak of his senior as a token of his future important office?
13. What young man thought his tribal and family position should be a bar to the throne of his people?

Answers will be found on page 956.

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Christmas Gift Books

Mr. Walter Carruthers Sellar and Mr. Robert Julian Yeatman claim to have written a memorable history of England in 1066 *and All That* (illustrated by John Reynolds: Methuen, 5s.), and the claim must be allowed. Their book is one of the best of the comic histories. There are schoolboy howlers, and pure nonsense seasoned with satire and salted with criticism. Two dates only are given, as inquiry at the Eton and Harrow match revealed that only two dates in English history—*viz.*, B.C. 55, and 1066—are truly memorable. The book is "the result of years of research in golf-clubs, gun-rooms, green-rooms, &c." History consists mainly of waves—*e.g.*, "of Ostrogoths, Vizogoths and even Goths." The Pitts, like the Pretenders, came generally in waves of two. The Peasants' Revolt had as its first object to obtain a free pardon for having revolted. The Roman Conquest was a "Good Thing," since the Britons were only natives at that time. The latter were driven into Wales and compelled to become Welsh, and "it is now considered doubtful whether this was a Good Thing." The War to end War was followed by the Peace to end Peace. And so on. The book is commended to all Ideal Uncles.

* * * *

We welcome a new edition of Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's *The Sea and the Jungle* (Duckworth, 15s.), which contains nineteen very beautiful woodcuts by Miss Clare Leighton. There is also a preface by the author, in which he shows some puzzlement over the method of the "younger man" who wrote the book. "Have I a right," he asks, "to interfere with the way another man did the book? Whose book is it?" We would reply, while asking Mr. Tomlinson for many more, that it is ours now and one of the most valued presents he has given us.

* * * *

The Old Book (Knopf, 32s. 6d.), edited and illuminated by Miss Dorothy Hartley, is one of the best mediaeval anthologies that we have seen for a long time, but it has one irritating omission—very few sources of quotation are given. Scholars may recognize many of them, and Mr. George Saintsbury's introduction gives a few others, but the more the ordinary reader enjoys what the editor calls "a roping of lore and a handful of learning" the more tantalized he will be.

* * * *

Mr. Oliver Hill's third collection of his exquisite photographic studies of children comes out under the title of *Jonquil* (Philip Allen, 21s.), and is a pleasant reminder of the joys of summer. Each study is coupled with a quotation from some poem. The book should have especial value as a present for any young artist who wishes to practise life-drawing, for the naked children of the photographs are posed quite perfectly.

* * * *

The Halcyon Press have published this year a new edition of Edgar Allan Poe's *The Fall of the House of Usher*. Mr. Alexandre Alexeieff's aquatints are suitably mysterious and terrible, particularly that of the monkey playing the violin. The price of this limited edition is £2 2s.

* * * *

Mr. Raymond Mortimer has excelled himself in "An Essay on Clothes," which is the introduction to *Modern Nymphs* (Etchells and Macdonald, £3 3s.), being, as the sub-title tells us, a series of fourteen fashion plates. He discusses the use and importance of clothes from "the ape who wound a creeper round his body" (Adam), to the ladies of the future, who, perusing these pictures, will expostulate "Could anything be more delightfully George the Fifth!" Mr. Thomas Lowinsky's fashion plates are extremely entertaining, and sometimes decorative. He envisages some of the beauties of the past in a present-day setting, for instance, Proserpine returning to a favourite grove, a sporting Eton-cropped, pleated-skirted young woman wandering among the chimneys of the Black Country; or equally clever, Danae waiting for the weather report on the wireless (presumably for the arrival of Zeus), standing in severe *tailleur* with her portable wireless set. A witty and exquisitely produced book.

* * * *

It is impossible to have too many editions of Henry Fielding's *The History of Tom Jones*. Messrs. John Lane have published this year a large, fat, heavy volume, containing the eighteen books of which Tom Jones consists, at the price of 35s. In spite of its weight, this edition is quite manageable to read, except, of course, in bed. Mr. G. Spencer Pryse's illustrations are unusual but sometimes delightful, particularly the composition of "Sophia Locked In."

* * * *

To comment vigorously upon the irritating things of life without irritating one's listeners is an unusual feat. Mr. E. V. Knox in *Things That Annoy Me* (Methuen, 5s.) very nearly achieves the feat, but not quite. His publishers talk of "a very definite indictment" by "a very shrewd and uncompromising critic," and they are doubtless right. Once or twice, however, the criticisms would be more effective if the indictment were less definite. It is disconcerting to find our "Evoe," in his first essay, poking elderly fun at psycho-analysis; we would have expected a less obvious line of attack. The *rôle* of father delivering by the way playful admonitions to the young does not sit well upon the author of *These Liberties* and *Fancy Now*. But this is one example, to which we give prominence only because Mr. Knox does: and there is much to atone for it. *A Difficult Language* is brilliant.

Some Books of the Week

The great need of archaeology at the moment is rationalization. Many scholars in many countries are digging up the past or theorising about the objects found, and each has more or less been a law unto himself so that confusion prevails. There should be a warm welcome for Professor Gordon Childe's compact little study of *The Bronze Age* (Cambridge University Press, 8s. 6d.), because, like Mr. Burkitt's similar volume on the earlier ages, it seeks to bring order out of chaos and relate the results attained in different regions and under different names to one another. Professor Childe summarizes a vast amount of scattered material in his chapters on metallurgy and trade and on the types of pottery, weapons and utensils of the Bronze Age, and his tentative survey of the early, middle and late periods in Europe is admirably clear. He emphasizes the fact that Europe was then as far behind Western Asia and Egypt as Darkest Africa or the Malay jungle is behind us to-day in civilization. The book, with its many really useful illustrations, is the best introduction so far available to a fascinating and important study.

* * * *

Sir Ian Malcolm's *Trodden Ways* (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.) begins with some Parliamentary reminiscences, but is mostly composed of short sketches and impressions of travel in Russia, Spain, Iceland, Egypt, Burma and other countries. The best of all these engaging chapters relates to France. The descriptions of a stay at a French country house and of the gathering of the vintage in Médoc are excellent; these are aspects of French life that few English readers know. The author's account of a crisis in the Chamber is vivid and informing; nothing could be less like a critical sitting at St. Stephen's. Sir Ian saw the late Tsar crowned and was received at Tsarksoe Selo in 1916. His Russian chapters thus have a pathetic interest. The book is charmingly written, and reveals the author's attractive personality.

* * * *

"Whatever subject engaged his interest, Lord Birkenhead contrived to make it attractive by the freshness and courage of his approach to it, and not the least merit of his views has always been their provocativeness. He never left a subject where he found it." Thus writes Lord Macmillan in an appreciation with which he introduces *Last Essays*, by Lord Birkenhead (Cassell, 15s.). To say that the writer "never left a subject where he found it," is hardly true. There are chapters in this book—especially those dealing with Russia and India—which prove again that Lord Birkenhead could be blindly obstinate. When his pet prejudices were not involved, however, he was certainly fresh and stimulating, and his fine capacity for friendship could sometimes enlarge the field of his sympathy. Among these final essays are appreciations of Mr. Lloyd George, Kitchener, and Mr. J. H. Thomas, who is admiringly accused of having played a subtly dual *rôle* in the General Strike of 1926. Other persons or topics discussed include President Wilson, Queen Hortense, the Referendum, and Divorce. Most interesting of all are the reflections on "If I Were Twenty-One," in which, reviewing his own struggle from poverty to the attainment of "glittering prizes," Lord Birkenhead may be said to have written his own epitaph and to have revealed his character in all its striking blend of strength and weakness.

* * * *

For librarians, club leaders and teachers *Books to Read*, a guide for young readers published (with the assistance of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust) by the Library Association, 26-27 Bedford Square, W.C. 1, should be extremely useful. The price of the book is 10s., but next year, when twelve or more copies are ordered, the price will be reduced. *Books to Read* is well indexed and easy to use. It contains a comprehensive list of books, including fiction, which young girls and boys will enjoy and profit by. Most enterprising children prefer to wade through shelves until they find something they particularly want to read, but there are certainly children who prefer to have their reading directed, and for their directors *Books to Read* will fill an urgent need.

* * * *

An epic written in these days wears a slightly self-conscious air. It must either seem archaic or make bold use of modern terminology: and that needs courage. Courage Mr. Shane Leslie has never lacked: and in *The Epic of Jutland* (Benn, 10s. 6d.) he flings himself with characteristic ardour at his

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mighty theme. The difficulties are at once apparent: "the submarine menace" of the prose report becomes "the sleepless underwater bane." In all sympathy for Mr. Leslie's endeavour, and with every appreciation of his successes, it is hard not to feel that the prose reports have not been conscientiously worked up into a poetic paraphrase. "Like a cheese from Gruyère holed": the vigour of everyday phrase is lost when its natural form is altered, and the new dress is as embarrassing for us as for itself. How good it is, all the same, to see a big theme boldly tackled!

* * * *

Some Letters from Abroad of James Elroy Flecker, with reminiscences by Hellé Flecker and an admirable introduction by Mr. J. C. Squire (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.), kept this reviewer awake until the small hours, for there is something about the vivid personality of Flecker (if the reader be at all touched by his glamour) which makes it impossible to put the book down. As Mr. Squire says, we see here "the living, ardent spirit before us, the young wandering poet with his shifting moods and kaleidoscopic emotions, a being passionately serious and flippantly humorous, a great hater of humbug and cant, but no cynic or extremist, an affectionate friend and a generous admirer of other men's work." Mrs. Flecker's account of their married life from their meeting in 1910 to his death at Davos in January, 1915, is told with startling simplicity and directness. Some of the letters, towards Flecker's end, are very pathetic; and the whole book is unforgettable, not because it is great literature, but because it is so genuine and spontaneous.

* * * *

Escape books keep getting better as the War recedes further into the background of history, and one of the best yet written is *Within Four Walls*, by Major M. C. C. Harrison and Captain H. A. Cartwright (Arnold, 10s. 6d.). The authors tried to escape nearly a dozen times, and were court-martialled and "strafed" on numerous occasions, but such hardships never daunted their spirit. Both must have been magnificent men, and there is romance in the fact that Captain Cartwright's *fiancée* was instrumental in assisting his escape from Aachen, near the Dutch frontier, by supplying him with the necessary maps and disguises. Captain Cartwright has illustrated the book very amusingly: it is a most vivid and lively record of deeds which were as gallant as any done on the battlefield.

* * * *

Dr. G. C. Coulton's *The Mediaeval Scene* (Cambridge University Press, 5s.) is sufficiently defined by its sub-title—"An informal Introduction to the Middle Ages." This little book is in fact an elementary guide to mediaeval thought, with the leading topics selected by one who has made that particular field his special concern. In brief but clear outline the reader is made acquainted with the mediaeval attitude towards, or practice of, the economics of agriculture and trade, chivalry, social and political usages, and religion, especially in its relations with trade and commerce. "In so far as mediaeval thought can be described with any approach to truth in a single sentence, it may perhaps be characterized as a struggle for unity." This dictum (which is expanded and illustrated throughout the volume) may to some extent explain the modern revived interest in the Middle Ages.

* * * *

A jackaroo is a greenhorn, and *The Journal of a Jackaroo* (Lane, 10s. 6d.), "told by Frank Ives and written down by Gascoigne Lumley," recounts adventures encountered by the former when he went out to North Queensland at the age of sixteen and a half somewhere about the year 1888. Life on a cattle station, wallaby shooting, snake stories and accounts of the life of the wild black fellows and skirmishes with them, are the topics of the volume, which would make an admirable Christmas present for a boy. And though there is nothing much new in the book, even those who are no longer boys may be thrilled by Mr. Ives' (or is it Mr. Lumley's?) stories of brumbies and boomerangs, of clearskins and cattle-duffing; while naturalists will joy to know that here at last in the person of Mr. Ives, is a man who has seen a snake swallow her living young for protection. Unfortunately, Mr. Ives could not kill the snake to confirm his observation. No one ever has.

* * * *

Last week we recommended the Pax series of Christmas cards. We should like to draw our readers' attention to the fact that they can be obtained from the Pax Shop, 35B Sloane Street (Hans Crescent), S.W. 1.

Answers to Questions on The Wisdom of Youth

1. Elihu, Job 32.——2. Samuel, I Sam. 2.—— 3. Joseph, Gen. 41.——4. Daniel, Dan. 1.——5. Gideon, Judges 6.——6. David, Pss. 8 and 19.——7. Isaac, Gen. 24, 63.——8. Joshua and Caleb, Num. 14, 6.——9. Abel, Gen. 4.——10. Jacob, Gen. 27.——11. Isaiah, Is. 6.——12. Elisha, I K. 19.19.——13. Saul, I Sam. 9, 21.

A Library List

CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS:—*Tales from Chaucer: The Canterbury Tales.* Done Into Prose by Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated by W. Russell Flint. (Medici Society. 7s. 6d.)——*The Canterbury Tales: Six Tales and Six Lyrics.* By Geoffrey Chaucer. Translated by F. E. Hill. Illustrated by Hermann Rosse. (Longmans, Green. 17s. 6d.)——*The Golden Arrow.* By Mary Webb. Illustrated by Norman Hepple. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)——*The Pilgrim's Progress.* By John Bunyan. (Constable. 5s.)——*The Red Lily.* By Anatole France. Illustrated by Donia Nachsen. (Bodley Head. 16s.)——*Venice and Its Story.* By Thomas Okey. Illustrated by O. F. M. Ward and N. Erichsen. (Dent. 15s.)——*The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.* By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. (Harrap. 15s.)——*Out of the Ark.* By R. D. (Davies. 6s.)——*John Austen and the Inseparables.* By Dorothy Richardson. (Jackson, 18 Took's Court, E.C. 4. 3s. 6d.)——*The Georgian Confession Book.* Compiled by Gilbert H. Fabes. (Foyle. 7s. 6d.)——*Tamburlaine the Great.* By Christopher Marlowe. Illustrated by R. S. Sherriffs. (Hesperides Press. £3 3s.)——*More Ruthless Rhymes.* By Harry Graham. (Arnold. 3s. 6d.)——*The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* Illustrated by Ronald Balfour. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

REFERENCE BOOKS:—*Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes*, 1931. (186 Strand, W.C. 2. 30s.)——*Post Office London Directory*, 1931. (Kelly's. 55s.)——*Burke's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage*, 1931. (Burke's Peerage Ltd., 66 Basinghall Street, E.C. 2. £5 5s.)——*The Girls' School Year Book*, 1930-1. (Year Book Press, 7s. 6d.)——*South American Handbook*, 1931. (Trade and Travel Publications, Ltd., 14 Leadenhall Street, E.C. 3. 2s. 6d.)——*Tit-Bits Year Book*, 1931. (Newnes. 1s.)——*Royal Blue Book*, 1931. (Kelly's. 7s. 6d.)——*The R.I.B.A. Kalendar*, 1931. (9 Conduit Street, W. 1. 3s. 9d.)——*The Fleet Street Annual*, 1931. (Fleet Publications, 9 Palace Gate, W. 8. 2s. 6d.)——*Whitaker's Almanack*, 1931. (12 Warwick Lane, E.C. 4. 6s.)

Persian Paintings at Burlington House

PROBABLY by now most people realize that the International Exhibition of Persian Art, which opens at the Royal Academy on January 7th, is something rather different from the last three winter Exhibitions. Covering the whole of a nation's art, its scope is wider and the result should be a more unified impression. It is only possible here to speak of the paintings—in some ways the least typical product of an Islamic culture which, in strict theory, banned all representational art. But this minute work, confined to the pages of manuscript books, will surely prove the newest experience in this the first display in this country of the art of Persia. So fresh are they, so extremely pretty, so nearly as they were first painted.

It goes without saying how great will be the interest for the specialist in this gathering that will unite divided manuscripts like the famous History of the Mongols from Edinburgh University and the Royal Asiatic Society, different versions of the same drawing and signed specimens of artists whose personality is at present elusive. It may be possible, too, to develop an iconographic progression in the illustration of the same great epic and romantic stories which formed the staple work for the Persian illuminator for centuries. But the five hundred or so examples of painting will, in the first place, reveal to a large part of the public an art which is different in method but near enough in spirit to European art to make an immediate, intelligible appeal. In gorgeousness of colour and firmness of line it will excite the admiration of all craftsmen, while any eye must be charmed by this masterly execution of designs so simple as often to be monumental.

In face of such a mass of material of such technical excellence it will probably at first be impossible to pick out the masterpieces. Indeed, while the general effect cannot fail to be stimulating, in detail it may seem monotonous at the first visit. Names which help so much in the fixing in the mind of first seen pictures are here only the exception. There will be a notable collection of works attributed to the most famous master, Bihzad, including three manuscripts from this country, two the property of Mr. Chester Beatty and one of Major Macaulay. In addition, three most interesting detached miniatures and a manuscript given to him have been sent by the Persian Government, which has also lent an important group of paintings by the Persian painters who went over with the early Mogul Emperors to India and founded the Mogul school there. Most of the other known artists are represented, but the great bulk of the work is anonymous.

It is certain that some, at least, of these paintings must

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emerge from the Exhibition established masterpieces. It would be rash to prophesy on the lines of personal taste exactly which these will be; but one is on safer ground in predicting that the strength of the paintings of the early Timurid school of the late fourteenth and early fifteenth century will finally outweigh the grace and sensuous charm of those of the Safavid period. Among the former the central exhibits will be the Royal Asiatic's Society's Shah Nama (Book of Kings) of about 1440, shortly to be published by the Oxford University Press, and a copy of the Shah Nama, dated 1429, and said to have belonged to Baysunqur, the royal reviser of its text, which has been sent over by the Shah. It will unfortunately be possible to show only one page of each at a time, so that the full magnificence of these luxurious books can only be guessed. The condition of each is quite exceptionally good, and the pages glow with colour: both have some whole page miniatures, but probably all will agree that the most effective are those in which caligrapher and painter have worked together. The earlier manuscript is in a broader style, with simple designs reaching back to the end of the previous century, a period only well represented by two manuscripts in the British Museum which will be shown concurrently with the Exhibition at Burlington House in the gallery of the Print Department. The figures are tall and monumental, the design is rounded, and the sheer splendour of colouring, especially the deep blue, is never touched again. The Asiatic Society's manuscript is notable for its extreme fineness and its cooler tone, particularly the use of green. The artists who illuminated it must have been great originators: almost every miniature contains novel touches. From the same period comes a Sadi in the collection of Mr. Chester Beatty, to whom the exhibition is indebted for some two hundred items. In this case it will be possible to show several of the miniatures in frames. There is a mystic quality about some of them, especially those with ships sailing on the silvery sea: in the background are mountains of the palest green and coral.

From 1485 onwards, through the early Safavid period, there is a great wealth of exhibits to commemorate the noble patronage of men like Sultan Husayan Mirza and his Minister, Mir Ali Shir Nawai, a notable writer and connoisseur, of whom what is probably a contemporary portrait by Mahmud is included in the Exhibition from one of the Shah's albums. It was evidently done not long before his death, in 1501, at the age of sixty, and he is represented leaning on a staff. Mahmud, who was previously only known from some manuscripts in Paris and New York, has two other signed drawings in the Exhibition, which, by their charm of line and colouring, must win recognition, in spite of sad defacement at the hands of Puritan zealots. In the work of the earlier masters of this period, Mr. Beatty's collection is very rich, and the Seven Pavilions, which are being shown side by side, recall the authentic glamour of the Arabian Nights. For in each the Sasanin King, Bahram Gur, was entertained on one day of the week by a Princess from a different clime, in an appropriate colour scheme, with a nightly story.

Later still, the detached paintings of languid princes and ladies will win ready popularity, partly because they can so satisfactorily be reproduced. A whole range of signed works by Riza Abbasi, the greatest painter in the latter part of the reign of Abbas the Great will be shown, and several new names have been added to the list of artists of that day. For the first time there will be shown Mr. Beghian's Angels, so exquisitely pencilled all over that a glass is essential to their appreciation. It will be surprising if this later style does not infect dress and manners with its brilliant grace.

For the more archaeologically minded there will be much of great interest. In particular, some interesting conclusions may be possible from the confrontation of pages from the several early Shah Namas of different styles, but all claiming to fall within the century 1210–1310. To the "Demotte" Manuscript, with its strong Chinese elements and the Beatty pages, more purely Mongol, will be added a most interesting newly-discovered version which is, by exception, but not unexpectedly, Central Asian in style, recalling the latest paintings recovered from Turkestan by von Le Coq and Sir Aurel Stein. Finally, those interested in the illuminated manuscripts of the Eastern Mediterranean will find interesting parallels in the work of the Abbasid School, which was common to the whole Empire of the Caliphs of Baghdad. It is particularly to be hoped that someone may follow up the late Sir Thomas Arnold's suggestion, and trace the connexion between the Bestiaries of Europe and the Fable Books of the East.

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As the world progressed, other methods were discovered of satisfying man's natural desire for decoration in his home, pleasing to the eye and soothing to the nerves after the toil and worry of everyday life.

In mediaeval times in Europe, furniture was meagre, consisting of a table, a few chests and forms, but even then, principal rooms were hung with elaborate tapestries and embroideries, whilst rooms of less importance were painted in gay colours. The decoration of churches, palaces and important buildings was entrusted to the great artists of the time, who lavished their talent and genius on beautifying the interior of these structures, which stand as an example of wonderful workmanship for all time.

In the East, decoration was still more elaborate than in Europe. Precious stones and coloured marbles were freely used, and the art of both Eastern and Western craftsmen utilized to create effect never produced before or since. What traveller entering the Taj Mahal at Agra or the Palace at Delhi does not experience a sense of peace and beauty which in indescribable. This is interior decoration at its best, but the reader will understand that decoration suitable for the East with its brilliant sun and wonderful colouring would be most unsuitable for climes where grey skies and sombre colours are predominant.

England during the Middle Ages was very much behind such countries as France, Holland, Spain, Germany and Austria in "home comforts," but the intermarrying of royal and other leading families with Continental families introduced foreign culture and refinement to English homes.

The panelling of rooms with oak became a common practice, the very early work being plain, but later linenfold panelling was used. This type of panelling is very much prized to-day, and lucky is the owner of an original linenfold panelled room.

During the Elizabethan period the oak panelling was decorated by inlaying with other woods and enriched by carving. Coats of Arms and figures of all kinds were fashioned by the carvers for the decoration. One of the finest examples of this period is the room, until recently, at Gilling Castle. One of the main features of the carving in this room is the Coats of Arms of the gentry of the county of Yorkshire.

Oak panelling was fashionable until the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century, when furniture began to be made of wood other than oak, and it was considered that a lighter background was necessary. Pine was then used and painted in diverse colours to harmonize with the lighter furniture and the gay clothes of the people of those days.

Towards the middle of the eighteenth century decorations became more elaborate. Glass was freely used, gilding and plaster work entered into the general scheme and artificial lighting greatly improved. The greatest influence in this general brightening of decoration was without doubt due to those great architects, the Adam brothers. They re-introduced leading artists, who painted not only walls and ceilings, but the furniture to complete the harmony. Wallpapers made their appearance about this time as an inexpensive method of decoration.

During the Victorian Era wallpaper became the almost exclusive wall covering, being in turn completely covered with pictures, china and knick-knacks beloved by our grandparents.

To-day the pendulum has swung back again and walls are stripped of all these articles.

With the advent of the present modern trend in art it is only to be expected that furnishing and decoration has changed. Bold colour schemes are attempted where colours of the most vivid hues are introduced. Distorted figures and scenes are painted, giving the most startling effects which completely fail to give the sense of tranquillity to the individual that older methods produced, but which are in keeping with an age when life is lived at a rate never conceived before. No doubt as time elapses the old and the new ideas will be blended together and schemes evolved suitable to modern requirements which will have the same satisfying effects as those schemes of decoration carried out in bygone ages by the old decorators.

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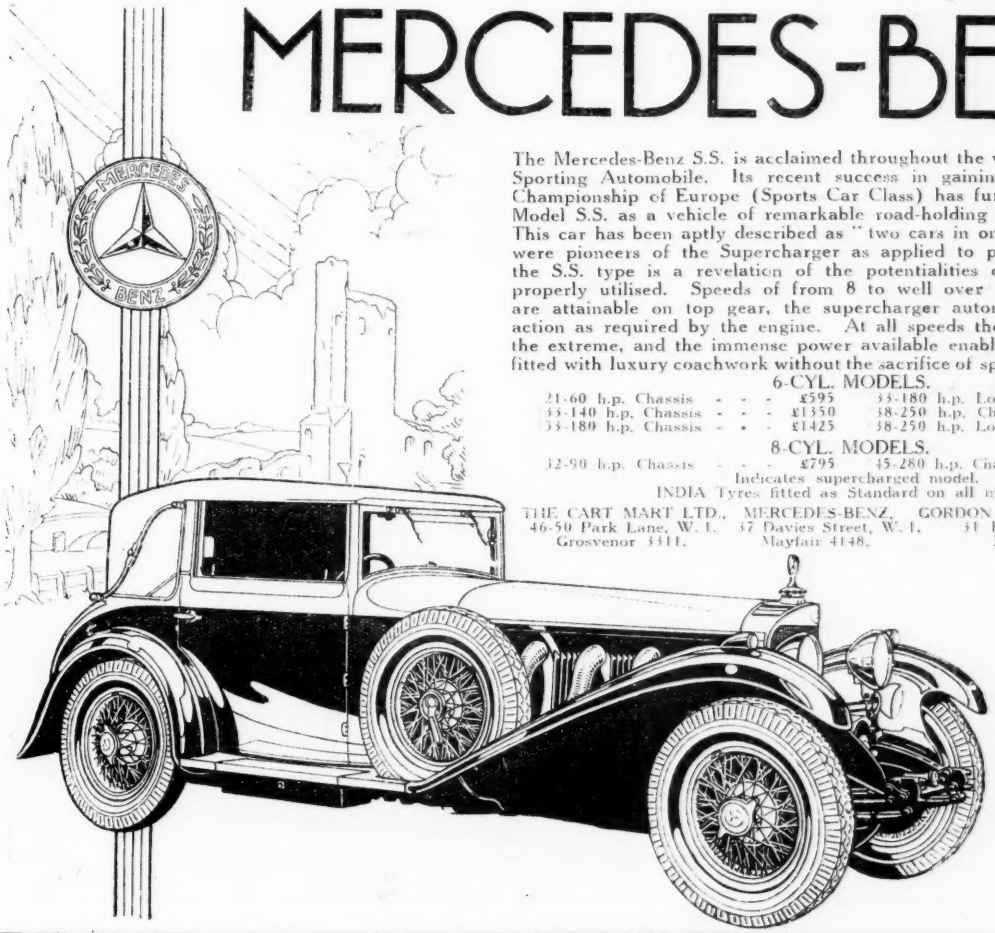

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Motoring Notes

The Eight Litre Bentley

At the recent Motor Show at Olympia, Bentley Motors, Ltd., produced a new chassis, which had the distinction of being the largest British six cylinder. That my recent trial run in this car was enjoyable was entirely due to the car, for it rained incessantly throughout the run.

Messrs. Bentley only make the chassis, but they supply it either twelve or thirteen feet in length, so that it is suitable for any type of coachwork desired; furthermore, a choice of gearing and other details is available to suit individual requirements. The price is £1,850.

Although no supercharger is fitted, this car is designed to attain a maximum speed of 100 m.p.h. with a normally light saloon body. To retain a high factor of safety and ease of control at such speeds necessitates the most careful attention to the construction of springs and steering; to combine such powers of speed with flexibility on top gear at slow speed calls for a high degree of excellence in engine construction. This flexibility has been attained to a marked extent, and even with a top gear ratio of 3½ to 1 the car answers well in traffic and on hills.

The six-cylinder engine (£45 tax) has an overhead camshaft, and four valves to each cylinder (following the usual Bentley practice); twin S U carburettors, dual ignition (Bosch), a single-plate clutch, and four-speed right-handed gearbox. The four-wheel brakes are operated by a Dewandre servo motor; the springs are semi-elliptic; a 25-gallon fuel tank is fitted, the consumption estimated to be about eleven miles per gallon. The weight of the chassis is 37 cwt., and the track is 4 ft. 8 ins. It is not yet possible to please every motorist, but there are, it seems to me, a few demands which most of us make on a modern car, and expect to have satisfied on an expensive one; to my mind, these are three—namely, safety, speed and silence.

First as regards silence, I consider the engine is very reasonably quiet. There is none of that irritating drumming, nor is there valve clatter, or transmission hum to any noticeable extent. Generally speaking, the more efficient an engine, the more noisy it becomes, and makers are faced with the problem of making engines of reasonable size, having them more and more efficient, and still keeping the noise down to the minimum. Engine noise is one of the most important causes of fatigue on a long journey; in this case, however, one need have no cause to worry on that account.

Many cars are advertised to-day as being the proud possessors of what are called "Silent thirds"; this is advertising licence in which Messrs. Bentley do not indulge; nevertheless, their gear-box is as deserving of that name as any other.

Secondly as regards speed: although this car is capable of, and guaranteed to attain, approximately 100 miles per hour, this is not all that is required, for it must—to use an Army phrase—be able to "jump to it" on top gear as well as on the intermediate gears. In this respect this chassis comes up to expectation, and even a steep hill, with a third speed capable of some 75 miles per hour, presents no obstacle to maintaining a very high average.

Thirdly, as regards safety; this calls for some forbearance in the matter of easy handling and springing; for instance, in order to have a quick and positive control at speed, the steering gear ratio is perforce high; in the car in question the steering is distinctly stiff and heavy when manoeuvring slowly; this very fact becomes an asset when travelling fast. The springs, too, are on the hard side at slow speeds, in order to avoid rolling when cornering fast, and to hold the rear wheels close on the road. The brakes are excellent; this is as well, because a glance at the speedometer will generally come as a surprise, as one attains a high speed without noticing it. In short, the behaviour of the car gives one a feeling of confidence, and of its ability to maintain an exceptionally high average in safety.

Gear changing is not difficult, although the makers have not thought fit to incorporate any of the new devices which are now coming into favour for noiseless changing up or down. The position of the hand brake could be altered with advantage, as it is too close to the gear lever.

From an owner driver's point of view, the car is quite up to date. Lubrication is carried out by a "one shot" system, with the exception of a few points, which points, however, require only occasional attention. The equipment is adequate, and the car carries with it a five years' guarantee, which is a proof that the makers are prepared to stand by it, and are confident of its lasting qualities.

For anyone who requires a standard car, which, even with closed bodywork, is quite suitable for normal everyday use in this country, and which is also capable of a very high speed performance when called upon, I feel this new model Bentley can be recommended with confidence.

Pelham Cochrane.

Finance—Public & Private

The Sanctity of Contracts

By no means for the first time since our War Debt to the United States was funded, rumours have been current during the past few weeks as to some possible rearrangement of Europe's War Debts to the United States; the rearrangement would presumably take the form of indulgence towards the debtors. Lately the rumours seem to have found their origin in assertions that Germany will be unable to comply with the requirements of the Young Plan and will have to ask for a moratorium on the unguaranteed annuities, and, following upon that idea, rumours have persistently been spread as to the United States in such circumstances making concessions to her European debtors, who would, of course, be handicapped by any failure on the part of Germany to fulfil her Reparation obligations.

One of the reasons for the prevalence and persistence of these rumours of debt revision is, no doubt, to be found in the present conditions of depression which extend to so many parts of the world, and in so far as this brotherhood in suffering, so to speak, produces a general disposition to render mutual aid and to co-operate wherever possible, the development must, of course, be regarded favourably. Nevertheless, I think that there is a very real danger, if we are not very careful, of a certain vital principle being subordinated to what one might describe as the demands of expediency. And the principle to which I refer is the one embodied in the Sanctity of Contract. Carefully considered, it is a principle which constitutes the foundation both of political and financial civilization stability and security. The "scrap of paper" incident of 1914 alone should have taught the world this lesson.

A Voluntary Bond.

Now, it may be quite true that by her nearly three years of neutrality in the Great War America achieved considerable material prosperity, and it can also be granted that she took, as most nations probably would have taken, the fullest advantage of the situation in charging war prices for goods and services urgently needed. It might also be urged that even after coming into the War on the side of the Allies it was long before she could put her own armies in the field, and that meanwhile this country and the other Allies were bearing the brunt of the War both in loss of life and of substance. That, however, does not alter the fact that as regards the services rendered to this country we entered into a covenant with regard to terms of repayment, and that the present funding of our Debt to America was accomplished along lines less onerous than those which might have been exacted if America had adhered to the strict letter of the bond. There were *concessions*, and the present arrangement expresses the wholly voluntary agreement on our part and on the part of the United States. It was an agreement reached between two self-respecting nations who both recognized the vital principle involved in the sanctity of a contract.

Creditor and Debtor.

There was a stage, of course, in which we made the suggestion that all War Debts should be wiped off the slate, but we made that suggestion in our capacity of a large creditor, for it is only the *creditor* that can make such a suggestion without injuring the principle of contract. The other great creditor took a different view of the situation, as it was entitled to take, and hence the funding of our own Debt, which was followed later by the funding of French and other obligations to the United States. I do not propose at this point to make any comments upon the question of whether the United States has or has not an obligation to fulfil with regard to certain defaulting Southern States many years ago, because I am quite sure that any American reading this article would only require to be convinced that the claim on the Southern States is a valid one to realize that the sanctity of contract unquestionably requires its fulfilment.

(*Continued on page* 962.)

LIBERTY's

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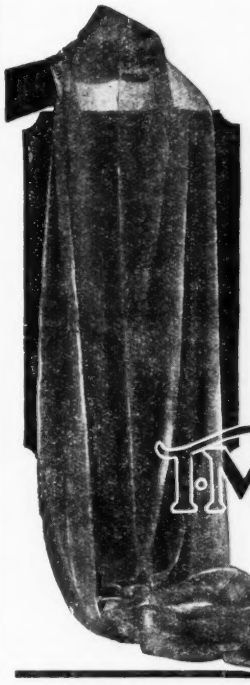

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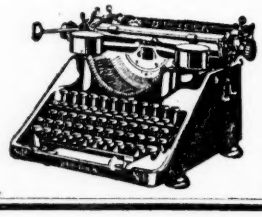

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Finance—Public and Private

(Continued from page 960.)

Vital Principles Concerned.

I suggest, however, that one of the dangers of this eagerness to discuss a revision of War Debts is to be found in an unwillingness to accept the consequences of the War itself, and it is just here that we get to close quarters with what is involved in the sanctity of a contract. It might, for example, be proved to-morrow beyond all question that a particular country was absolutely unable to fulfil its War Debt contract although willing and anxious to do so. In such a circumstance a moratorium, and even a revision of the debt might be made without involving any violation of the sanctity and spirit of the contract, although the credit of the debtor country would necessarily suffer not in a dishonourable sense, but on the grounds of status. Although, of course, more difficult to define, the contract between nations differs in no way from that between individuals. An individual who has contracted to pay a debt in a certain time may be so afflicted by unforeseen misfortunes as to be quite *unable* to fulfil his obligation and loss will be involved to the creditor, but there will not be a blow to good faith, and the debtor in the case of a return to prosperity will find that his credit is still good for another loan.

Profligate Extravagance.

If, however, the individual or the nation should be committing all kinds of extravagance and at the same moment should be talking about debt revisions, the case is very different. Thus, we find during the past week that Sir Oswald Mosley, in his Manifesto, talks about the postponement of War Debts, although the extravagance of this and previous Governments is greater than anything that has been known for generations. And in the case of Germany, it is conceivable that stress of circumstances might ultimately make it imperative for even the Young Plan to undergo modifications, but unfortunately it so happens that the ink was scarcely dry on the signatures for the Young Plan before we had talk of possible moratoriums, and we know the manner in which the whole plan was assailed in the Hitler agitation. Similarly and reverting once more to home affairs, we find that in dwelling upon our expenditure Socialist speakers are never tired of emphasizing the part played by interest on War Debts, but fail to explain why in the face of present conditions and requirements it has been found necessary to lengthen education by a year and to provide doles for youths leaving school until they find employment. I think that those who pursue this course fail to realize the grave issues involved in anything suggestive of a violation of the sanctity of contract. We have suffered more than can be measured by the extravagance of Socialistic finance, and the follies of Socialistic legislation—not always under Socialistic Governments—but if to that injury were to be added any doubts as to sanctity of contract, we may look in vain for any recovery in financial or commercial prosperity.

Preserving Credit.

I suggest, therefore, that any question as to the revision now, or at any subsequent time, of War Debts should be regarded very soberly in the light of the principles involved and the far-reaching issues which might be comprised in any revision. In the first place, it is quite clear that any lead taken must be taken by the creditor and not by the debtor. In the second place, any revision should not be of a character to increase extravagant expenditure on the part of any nation or even to remove the stimulus to individual effort and exertion. Carefully and impartially considered it might be determined that in the funding of indebtedness by the Allies to the United States an insufficient allowance has been made for the services rendered by the Allies to the United States and to the world by the part played by them in the War. That, however, is not a matter on which the debtors can pronounce a decision. Above all, if the credit of the debtor countries is to be unimpaired there must be a clear recognition of the supreme sanctity of contract, a recognition as clear on the side of the debtor as on the part of the creditor.

Arthur W. Kiddy.

(For Financial Notes see page x.)

ROLLS-ROYCE

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Rolls-Royce Limited—the most famous of all car makers.—*The Motor, 21st October 1930*

Internationally we hold our own—Rolls-Royce is the world-wide synonym for perfection.—*The Autocar, 24th October 1930*

Not only have we the finest Motor Exhibition but this Country produces the finest luxury car in the world, namely the Rolls-Royce.—*The Field, 18th October 1930*

Rolls-Royce of Derby are looked upon as the leaders in fashion and elegance combined with great mechanical soundness. Their designs are always well ahead of the times, and for this reason they find it unnecessary to make a frequent change of models, *Country Life, 18th October 1930*

The name of Rolls-Royce has always been one to conjure with in the World of Motoring, because it represents the pinnacle of excellence attained only by the combination of true quality in design, material and workmanship. It has been the inflexible rule of its makers to build one sort of car only—The Best in the World—and this fact is recognised wherever the motor car is accepted as part of the normal order of things.—*Yorkshire Observer, 20th October 1930*

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The hood is constructed on the principle of the "one man touring body" type and instantly opened out. The windows wind in the doors, the centre parti-windows are quickly detachable. When the hood is up, the back curtain can be rolled up, and with the windows down there is perfect ventilation throughout the car, the hood keeping off the heat of the sun from the occupants.

This body is ideal for tropical use and has been fitted to Rolls-Royce and other makes of chassis.

General Hertzog's remarks when he visited the recent Olympia Motor Show were: "This body ought to sell very well in my country."

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Financial Notes

A.B.C. Improvement.

During the past week criticism was offered from certain quarters with regard to present conditions of the Aerated Bread Company, and in reply to the criticism, which took the form of a circular, the Board made a very prompt and what appeared to be an effective rejoinder. That reply, moreover, has since been strengthened by the publication of the Annual Report, which disclosed a profit of £171,000, while the directors were able to recommend a dividend of 5 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. Against the trading profit for the year the directors charged £66,737 for depreciation, and £25,000 for income tax, leaving £91,737, out of which the Preference dividend absorbs £25,593. After paying the 5 per cent. dividend there is a balance forward of £20,847 against only £15,550 brought in. Moreover, the directors also state that in addition to the amount mentioned as set aside for depreciation, expenditure upon improvements amounting to over £54,000 has been charged against the profits of the company. On the other hand, the balance-sheet shows a rather small balance of cash and there is a Bank Overdraft of £49,000.

* * * *

Fall of Sugar.

Considering the fact that the directors of Tate and Lyle had to withstand the effect of an enormous fall in the price of sugar, it is scarcely surprising that there should have been a reduction in the dividend from 15 to 10 per cent. and that it should have been found advisable to transfer £80,000 from the Dividend Reserve. On the other hand, it should be noted a further sum of £26,650 was added to the General Reserve. At the annual meeting the President of the company, Sir Ernest W. Tate, gave a most interesting review of the position which sugar refineries had had to face during the year, and in the light of his statements the results achieved by the company must certainly be regarded as satisfactory. Sir Ernest reminded shareholders that some few years ago he pointed out how greatly the company was affected by any heavy fall in the price of sugar. That was at a time when raw sugar was 24s. per cwt., but the fall in the past year had, he said, been from 9s. 9d. to 4s. 9d. per cwt., a drop of more than 50 per cent. In the opinion of Sir Ernest Tate this fall had been caused primarily by an accumulation in the hands of producers of a large surplus of sugar as a result of the general disinclination of sugar users to hold stocks. He did not think that actual consumption showed much decline.

* * * *

Banking in Scotland.

In view of the general commercial depression which extends to Scotland as to all other parts of the United Kingdom, the latest Report of the Commercial Bank of Scotland covering the year ending October 31st last is an excellent one. Slackening trade and low rates of interest on Deposits have been responsible for a reduction in Deposits from £35,228,000 to £33,182,000, but the Bank has made good use of its resources, including the new capital, and the actual net profit for the year was £389,857 as compared with £367,983 for the previous year. A further £50,000 has been placed to the Reserve, which now stands at the large total of £2,850,000, while £50,000 is applied to reduction of Bank Premises and £25,000 is placed to Officers' Retiring Allowances Fund. The directors again pay a dividend of 16 per cent. on the "A" shares, although owing to the increase in the capital the amount required is larger, while on the "B" shares the dividend is maintained at the rate of 10 per cent. Finally, there is an increase of over £9,000 to note in the carry forward, while the balance-sheet discloses a very liquid position, the cash and money at call, together with British Government securities, representing well over 60 per cent. of the Deposits.

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SAVE AND RECEIVE

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COMPANY MEETING.

TATE & LYLE LIMITED

OUTPUT GREATER THAN EVER—HEAVY FALL IN PRICE OF SUGAR

SIR ERNEST TATE ON THE OUTLOOK

The Twenty-eighth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Tate & Lyle, Limited, was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C., on the 4th inst.

Sir Ernest William Tate, Bt. (president of the company), who presided, said:—Before proceeding with the formal business of the meeting I wish to refer to the loss which the company has sustained by the death of Lord Birkenhead. Although he had been a member of our board for only a comparatively short time, we directors thoroughly appreciated his great ability. It is needless for me to refer to his wonderful career, as that has already been done by some of the best-known men in the country. I will therefore ask you to stand for a few moments as a tribute to his memory.

The meeting having stood in silence for a few moments,

The President said:—Ladies and gentlemen,—I will now call on the secretary to read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report.

The Secretary (Mr. Charles R. Hutchinson) having read the notice and the report of the auditors,

The President proceeded:—With regard to the balance-sheet which we are now here to consider, I must frankly say that it is very different to what I thought it would be when we met here this time last year, and I can assure you that it is just as disappointing to your board of directors as it will be to the general body of shareholders.

Losses on Stocks.

I have referred on more than one occasion to the possibility of this company having to face heavy losses upon the stocks of its chief raw material if the market value should drop, and in December, 1923, when the price of raw sugar was 24s. per cwt. I sought to justify our policy of setting aside large sums to reserve by stating that "some day we may show a very considerable loss on the large stock which we are compelled to hold in order to ensure that our refineries are kept working to the fullest extent possible."

I regret to say that the fear I then expressed has been justified, but to an extent never contemplated by any one connected with the sugar trade, the price of raw sugar having declined during our financial year from 9s. 9d. per cwt. to 4s. 9d. per cwt.—that is to say, by over 50 per cent.

Changes in the Balance-Sheet.

Some important changes have taken place in the balance-sheet as compared with September 30th, 1929. Turning first to the assets side, practically all the first-class securities have been sold. As a consequence of this, and in connexion with the holdings in subsidiary and other associated companies, the investment reserve, which at September 30th, 1929, stood at approximately £306,838, appears at September 30th, 1930, at £190,910. Your directors are satisfied that the value of the interests in subsidiary and associated companies is fully equal to the figure at which they have been brought into the balance-sheet less the investment reserve.

As regards stocks, the figure is reduced from £2,619,111 in 1929 to £1,667,971 in 1930. As regards debtors, the figure is reduced from approximately £1,510,513 in 1929 to approximately £933,149 in 1930.

The smaller figures for 1930 are caused partly by a fall in the value of the commodities and partly by the fact that we happened to hold smaller stocks and had smaller sales outstanding at the time of balance. They are not due to a lesser volume of trade as a whole, our trade having been greater, as I shall explain later.

Turning to the liabilities side, you will notice that £1,250,000 5½ per Cent. Mortgage Debenture stock appears and the Ordinary shares are increased by the addition of the small balance previously unissued. On the other hand, the bank loan of £3,210,000 of 1929 has disappeared.

Prices and Cost of Production.

The first six months of the year's working were satisfactory. There was a fall in the raw sugar market, and consequently a loss on stock, but nothing abnormal, and it then appeared that the price of raw sugar would stabilize itself somewhere round about the cost of production, and we had every reason to expect that the next six months to the end of September would be equally satisfactory.

Unfortunately a state of affairs developed during the summer months such as we have never had to meet before, and I am sure that there are many gentlemen in the room with a life experience of the trade who will agree with this remark. (Hear, hear.) In April the price of raw sugar was about 8s. per cwt., but during the summer it fell to the lowest point touched—namely, 4s. 9d., this being more than 1s. below any previously recorded price and a little more than half the cost of production. At one period it almost appeared that the price might go to zero and there would be a general collapse.

Fortunately, this did not actually take place, but I think you will understand that, carrying large stocks of raw sugar as we must do, owing to the magnitude of our weekly output, the position was serious.

Consuming Trade's Requirements.

In stable markets we can usually rely upon the consuming trade to cover their requirements for some time ahead, thus protecting us to some extent against a decline in value; but in a market with constantly sinking prices buyers show little desire to run any risk of market fluctuations, and by purchasing no more than their immediate requirements throw the whole onus of the market risk back upon firms like ours, which, by the nature of their business, are bound to hold large stocks.

The existence of a single selling agency to control the sale of raw sugar in the chief producing country—Cuba—imported an additional element of difficulty in the purchasing of our supplies, and we were at times faced with a situation of being compelled to buy against our better judgment and in larger quantities than we would have preferred.

You will naturally ask what is the reason for this fall in value. The people in the room who are in the sugar trade probably know as much as I do: but in my opinion it has been caused primarily by the accumulation in producers' hands of a large surplus of sugar as a result of the disinclination of sugar users generally to hold stocks. This is a feature not confined to this commodity and is one of the difficulties inherent in the present economic situation throughout the world.

I do not believe that the actual consumption of sugar everywhere shows much decrease, if it shows any at all, and if I am right in this assumption then I think we shall be able to look forward with confidence to a large and regular trade during the coming year.

Policy with Regard to Reserves.

We have in the past adopted a conservative policy with regard to reserves, and I am glad to say that—even in the difficult period we have passed through—we have not been compelled to touch these reserves except to a very small extent, as follows: The dividend reserve, which was created in the year of the coal strike, has been reduced by £80,000, which I consider quite legitimate, as this reserve was created to meet an emergency such as has now arisen. The general reserve of £1,150,000 remains as before.

Since the beginning of October the raw sugar market has improved, and it is quite obvious that the price of raw sugar is now considerably below the cost of production, and this position of affairs cannot go on indefinitely. Naturally it is to our interest to obtain our supplies of raw material as cheaply as possible, but when an article is being produced at a loss there is always the danger of violent reactions which may seriously interfere with the normal course of business.

Record Output.

In spite of the fall in actual profits I think it is my duty to make it clear that, in the opinion of your board, the results of the year's trading are anything but discouraging.

The facts are that our output has been greater than ever before, we have practically driven the foreigner from this country, and the margin of profit on day-to-day prices has been at least as good as last year. Had it not been for the unprecedented fall in the raw sugar market, the financial results would also have been greater.

In other words, our trade generally has been better than ever, and since it is unlikely that the price of sugar can fall much lower we may look forward to the future with continued confidence.

In conclusion, I should like to remark that our refineries have been maintained in a high state of efficiency, and the directors wish to express their appreciation of the loyal support that they have received from the staff and workpeople. (Hear, hear.)

The President then moved the adoption of the report and accounts and the declaration of the dividends as recommended.

Sir Leonard Lyle (chairman of the company) seconded the resolution.

A Shareholder's Congratulations.

Sir Douglas Newton, M.P., said that he would like to congratulate the board upon the very satisfactory results which they had attained in a very difficult period and also upon the manner in which they had conducted their great enterprise in a time of acute and world-wide depression. (Hear, hear.)

The President said he wished, on behalf of the directors, to thank Sir Douglas Newton for the kind way in which he had spoken of their efforts. They had had a very difficult and strenuous time during the last six months, and it was pleasant to know that those efforts were appreciated by the shareholders. (Hear, hear.)

The resolution was carried unanimously.

The retiring directors were re-elected, and the auditors were reappointed.

The President having announced that the dividend warrants would be posted to the shareholders on Monday, the 15th inst., the proceedings terminated.

£1000 at age 65, or at death if earlier, can be provided by payment of

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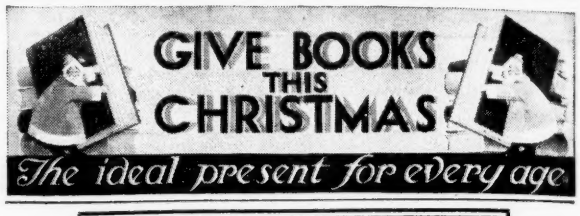

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SURREY TRUST INNS for excellent country quarters, situated in the loveliest parts of Surrey. —Apply for list, stating requirements, to SECRETARY, 53 High Street, Guildford.

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TORQUAY.—ROSETOR PRIVATE HOTEL. An ideally situated, perfectly appointed private hotel which is justly famous for its home atmosphere and reasonable charges. Garage. For illustrated Tariff apply RESIDENT PROPRIETOR. Telephone 3655.

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WHY not live within a 1d. 'bus fare of Bond Street? Come to 34 Southwick Street, Cambridge TERRACE, Hyde Park, W.2. Room & brkfst. from 5/6 daily Baths, free. No tips. H. and c. water all bedrooms.

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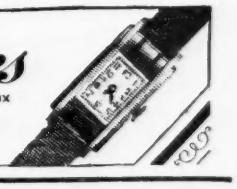
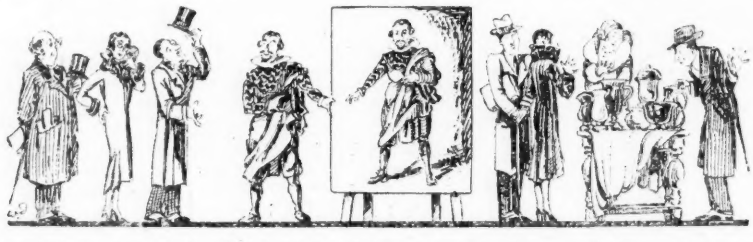


It seems to be the fashion

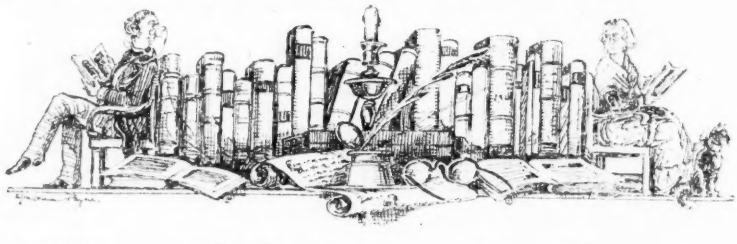
in advertising Christmas presents to condole with the people who have to choose them. But we ourselves don't! We simply tell you to come to our Galleries and enjoy the choosing. We have thoroughly enjoyed making and choosing all the thousands of things that we now offer. Starting with the youngest of all folk, there are soft, washable woolly toys, furry animals not too large for tiny hands; dolls, and their houses, and furniture; shops and their stocks; Noah's Arks; ships and aeroplanes; books for children of all ages, and a host of other quite uncommon toys. Mostly hand-made British toys and mostly at low prices.

to come to

the grown-ups, there are whole hosts of things to buy: at prices that begin somewhere about the nimble shilling, but which because they are carefully thought out look a much better present than that! There are lots of really useful things put up in a new and decorative way, especially in the stationery line—pads, blotting books—all the invaluable adjuncts of a writing table, like gummed tape, paper clips, nibs, fasteners, &c., in one box, sealing sets, even prosaic luggage labels, string boxes, and heaven knows what besides. Then there is an enormous choice of pictures all ready in frames and boxes to post them in safely and the Medici Prints, the aristocrats of all coloured prints of to-day. Then, too, we can show you a delightful room full of glass and pottery—at as low a price as 3s. 6d. there is a wide choice. And do you know the painted metal work the French are making now? Ash trays, tea trays, match boxes, spill holders and the like. These make marvellous presents and begin at about 2s. 6d. There are waste-paper tubs, bridge sets, diaries and fine leather pocket books that people would give their eyes to possess. We could become quite lyrical about our things this year.



Books should not be regarded as the refuge of the destitute, because at the latter end there are few things that give greater pleasure. Our staff are keenly interested to help you in your choice and our stock is carefully chosen. Moreover, we can offer quick and efficient service in getting any book you may want if not among our stock.



The Medici Galleries

for

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BRANCHES AT LIVERPOOL, BOURNEMOUTH, HARROGATE.

Send for "Christmas Cargoes," post free, or Catalogue of Medici Prints, price 1/-.

Wyndham Payne did these drawings for us. He is the illustrator of "A HANDFUL OF SOVEREIGNS," the funniest book of the year.

London: Printed by W. Speaight and Sons, Ltd., 98 and 99 Fetter Lane, E.C. 4, and Published by The Spectator, Ltd., at their Offices, No. 99 Gower Street, London, W.C. 1.—Saturday, December 13, 1930.